New Statesman

The Week-end Review

VOL. LV . No. 1400 SATURDAY · 11 JANUARY 1958 NINEPENCE

Thoughts on the Bank
by T. Balogh

★

The Age of Louis XIV
by John Berger

★

The World's Worst Woman
by Anthony Carson

Comments on the Week's News .. 30
Public Relations Diplomacy 33
Prospect in Pakistan. George Leather .. 33
London Diary. Critic 34
This England 35
Predecessors. Reginald Reynolds .. 35
Thoughts on the Bank. Thomas Balogh 35
Nice to be Stretched. Robin A. Hodgkin 36
The Worst Woman in the World. Anthony Carson 38

ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT

Candlepower and Le Roi Soleil. John Berger 40
Bricks Without Straw. Desmond Shawe-Taylor 42
Hard-won Prize. Tom Driberg .. 42
Fun at Home. William Whitebait .. 43

CORRESPONDENCE

Donald Alexander, Audrey Harvey, Geoffrey Drain, Allan A. Jackson, Prof. Hyman Levy, E. Dorman O'Gowan, Norman J. Lonsdale, A. D. Peters .. 44

Books in General:
Back to All That. Michael Howard .. 46
Dismission. I. A. Richards 47

REVIEWS

The Russian Merchants. V. S. Pritchett 47
Other Men's Minds. Maurice Richardson 48
A Solipsist in Soho. John Raymond .. 48
Pagan Paradise Lost. Edwin Muir .. 49
Caput Mundi. John Elliott 50
New Novels. Pamela Hansford Johnson .. 50
Princess Lieven. Ralph Partridge .. 51

Week-end Competition 51
City Lights. Taurus 52
The Chess Board. Assiac 53
Week-end Crossword. Set-square .. 54

The Silliest Chancellor

POLITICAL resignations usually take place on issues which have been whittled down by manoeuvre and bargaining almost to vanishing point. Thus, when Mr Bevan resigned in 1951, it was easy for his opponents in the Cabinet to taunt him with splitting his party over teeth and spectacles. But the public at large understood quickly enough that teeth and spectacles were no more than the outward and visible signs of a radical difference of political mood between the party rank and file and the leadership. How far is this equally true of Mr Thorneycroft's £50 million?

What matters is not the relative smallness of the sum, but the cause which the resigning ministers think they represent. The acrimonious tone of the letters between Mr Thorneycroft and the Prime Minister—to say nothing of ministerial speeches which have been delivered since—leaves one in no doubt about this. Mr Thorneycroft is prepared to face extreme political and economic consequences in order to secure tax cuts, and he has lined up with those who would welcome what is often called 'a show-down with Labour'. In pursuit of deflation, he sought to impose direct and visible cuts on the most vital and cherished social services—family allowances, school meals, welfare food and welfare milk.

The rest of the Cabinet refused to go this far—and understandably. Since 1951, the Conservative government has taken a large number of regressive steps in the field of the social services. But ever since the storm which Mr Butler raised by cutting the food subsidies in 1952, it has been careful to apply the squeeze in such a way that direct cuts are not too easily visible. The cutting-back of the education service by means of the block grant, or the rigging of the National Insurance scheme against the old-age pensioner—both complex measures which are largely unintelligible to the average voter—are excellent examples. But direct cuts in family allowances or school meals are a horse of a very different colour. Whatever handicaps Mr Macmillan labours under as Prime Minister, they do not include the death-wish: he is still jauntily determined to win the next election; and to do that, he must calculate, it is essential to avoid policies sufficiently provocative to rouse to anger lethargic working-class voters.

But the considerations here were more than merely tactical. It is becoming increasingly clear—and the lesson is reinforced by recent trends in the US—that the internal inflation which the government is trying to overcome is primarily a cost-inflation rather than a demand-inflation. In other words, reasonable collaboration from the trade unions is an absolute prerequisite of success in stabilising the cost of living; and to provoke a head-on clash with the unions in pursuit of 'demand deflation' at a time when, as Dr Balogh suggests in a different context elsewhere in this issue, the economy is actually under-employed, is a course which not even the present Cabinet could be expected to accept. Mr Thorneycroft, in fact, is likely to be classed by the professional politicians as, not only the lightest-weight, but the silliest of the modern Chancellors; and lacking the political stature of Mr Bevan or the unanswerable economic case which was deployed in 1951, he and the two political pygmies who have followed him are unlikely to lead any significant rebellion at Westminster.

The Tory faithful outside may, however, judge it differently. For a dozen years now, the Central Office has been seeking to establish as the Tory *persona* the welfare mask of Mr Butskell. But this is related to electoral need rather than to rank-and-file emotion. The political mood of the suburban middle-class Tory, who forms the backbone of the local Associations, is a characteristic expression of social and economic insecurity: angry, reckless and greedy. He (and even more she) is unlikely to perceive the frivolity of Mr Thorneycroft's attitude—which will, indeed, evoke an instinctive response. How that response will express itself remains to be seen. But Mr Macmillan may find that treating Mr Thorneycroft with the contempt he deserves—and there can be few more contemptuous gestures in the history of politics than his flight to India on the morrow of the resignations—may not suffice to lay a very embarrassing ghost.

Comments on the Week's News

Stassen as Symbol

Mr Dulles still seems to be in command of US foreign policy, though there is growing criticism of his surly inflexibility. His appearance on television – assisted by the President in the role of compère – to report on the Paris meeting was a failure: one Republican newspaper spoke of 'two tired, ageing men talking about the compromised half-measures which bind and separate America from its European allies'. In a new situation, Mr Dulles offers only the same sterile cold war policies. And this course satisfies neither those who want a more determined response to Soviet diplomacy nor those who feel that yet another effort should be made to talk to the Russians. There is, indeed, a growing sense in Washington that talks of some kind are bound to come this year, if only to appease the lesser powers in Nato. And it is this sense that has given Mr Stassen another lease of life. Since Mr Dulles brushed him aside during the London disarmament conference – an intervention which Mr Stassen still insists led directly to the breakdown of the talks – he has been hovering uneasily on the fringes of the administration. He has no influence in the White House, and in recent months the requests for his advice have been little more than perfunctory. Yet he cannot be dismissed, for his dismissal would be far more than a personal triumph for Mr Dulles: it would be taken as proof that the administration intended to wind up completely the elaborate disarmament project on which Mr Stassen has been working. And while he precariously clings to his position, he is bound to become a rallying-point for those who wish, at least, to test out Russian intentions once again. It is clear that, unlike Mr Dulles, Mr Stassen believes that some kind of disarmament is both possible and desirable. But no progress towards it is likely to be made while Mr Dulles remains in office. If he were to be replaced, ostensibly for health reasons, by General Gruenther, both the West and the Russians might believe that Washington means business.

Mr Healey's Neutral Zone

The latest Fabian pamphlet, *A Neutral Zone in Europe?*, by Denis Healey, MP, is the most important the Society has published for some time. It starts with the assumption that some form of disengagement, which would reduce the risks of the great powers becoming involved in a nuclear conflict against their will, is becoming increasingly imperative. But what form of disengagement? He rejects both the earlier Soviet plan for a total withdrawal of both Soviet and US forces from Europe, on the grounds that this would give Russia a decisive military advantage, and the 'tripwire' theory of Nato, on the grounds that this provides no alternative to total nuclear war if the tripwire is sprung. He also considers that the neutralisation of the two Germanys alone would also give an undue advantage to Russia. Instead, he proposes a neutral belt – equipped with conventional forces of some size, but without atomic weapons – to include both Germanys, Poland, Czechoslovakia and Hungary. Except for the inclusion of Hungary, this is the same area designated in the recent Polish proposals. The plan removes the 'flash-point' area in Europe, and it provides a pilot scheme for controlled disarmament – for, although neither of the great powers is prepared at this moment to accept mutual policing of its defence industries, this attitude could change if a control system were successfully applied to somebody else first. The great difficulty, as Mr Healey admits, lies in enforcement, for which he recommends the use, if necessary, by the great powers of tactical nuclear weapons. He declares himself by no means satisfied with this solution; but, as he points out, the selection of which of the three types of weapons should be used to counter infringements of the *status quo* in Europe is a problem which the West now has to face whether a neutral zone is established or not.

Cease-fire in Malta?

Mr Lennox-Boyd's elephantine telegram to the Maltese government is rude and inept. Mr Mintoff is indeed open to the criticism that his tactics have endangered the success of the integration scheme. But as it is the government of which Mr Lennox-Boyd is a member that has been jeopardising the scheme by procrastination and indecision for two years, the Colonial Secretary is the last man to accuse the Maltese of imperilling agreement. It is true that the British government has provided funds for Malta and has reached agreement on the social and economic plans for the future. The complaint is that every concession has had to be laboriously wrung from them; that they have forced Mr Mintoff into the invidious position of coming cap in hand to London several times a year; and that they have been incapable of making up their minds about the essential factors on which integration depends. This laggardly attitude has induced the Maltese Prime Minister to bang his drum as loudly as possible on every conceivable occasion. In criticising him, we should remember that the Maltese believe they are facing destitution and that the British public tends to forget unpleasant responsibilities provided they are not too close home. Mr Mintoff has now very sensibly withdrawn his rash threat to sever the tie with Britain: he would never have been tempted to make it but for the grudging and unhelpful attitude of the Colonial Office and the Treasury.

Homeless Families

In March 1957 we published an article by Audrey Harvey which described the plight of homeless families in London and sharply criticised the conditions under which they were lodged in the 'Welfare Home' at Newington Lodge. After several correspondents had supported and amplified these criticisms we remarked that the LCC had made no reply to them. We then received a short letter from Mrs Deer, chairman of the LCC welfare committee, saying that Mrs Harvey's article was 'incomplete and misleading'. Almost a year has passed. On Monday night a report in *Panorama* seemed to show, first, that there has been no substantial change either in the attitude of the LCC or in the conditions at Newington Lodge, and, secondly, that Mrs Deer is unable to offer any better defence than once again to suggest that such criticism is unfair and misleading. We are glad, however, that on one point at least our previous criticism has been met. Mrs Harvey pointed out last year that, in the first instance, applicants for admission had to visit one of seven admitting offices, there to convince the officials that unless they were admitted they would sleep on the pavement, and then make the journey to Newington Lodge. The LCC has just announced that homeless families can now apply direct to Newington Lodge by letter, by telephone, or in person. This is a small concession, but it can mean a great deal to a distressed family. So far as we know, there has been no other change: admission is still as hard to secure as ever. Since, from October, the operation of the Rent Act is bound to lead to a sharp increase in the number of evictions, surely the LCC and other authorities should now be reconsidering their provision for homeless families.

NEXT WEEK

My Case Against the ETU

A detailed investigation

by Woodrow Wyatt

Hillary and Fuchs

The public would have been less than human if it had not derived a slightly wicked enjoyment from the private acerbities between Sir Edmund Hillary and Dr Fuchs which unhappily were broadcast to the world. Yet the situation which led to the exchange is rather more serious than has been generally appreciated by press comment anxious to magnify the personal clash. Of course the difference of opinion between these two great men, each bold, resourceful and experienced, is a real one; but that need occasion no surprise. In an enterprise as difficult and hazardous as this, it would be remarkable if there were no differences; and it is worth remembering that most 'professional' differences between colleagues, which blow over in private within a few hours, would look very different if they were subjected to the full glare of international publicity. Inevitably Sir Edmund Hillary's success and *panache*, coupled with the somewhat less than tactful nature of his advice, has placed Dr Fuchs in the role of under-dog and shifted official (as well, probably, as public) sympathy on to 'his side'. The British Antarctic Committee could, in the circumstances, do no other than express unreserved confidence in Fuchs's judgment. But the truth is that there should be no 'sides' in a matter of this kind; and the uncomfortable doubt must persist that, even if Sir Edmund's view might have been better expressed, it may still prove correct. Dr Fuchs's reputation among those who have worked with him is one of imperturbably sound judgment: it is to be hoped that he has not been rattled by pique into taking a defiant decision which – even in these days of mechanical transport and radio – could end in tragedy.

Officers and Public Money

The Millington court-martial spotlights an aspect of service life about which it is impossible to feel happy. Time and again junior officers – especially if their good will or sense of duty happens to be above average – are 'jockeyed' into undertaking chores in which they have to handle considerable sums of public money or unit funds. Often they have no aptitude, or indeed training, for this type of administration, and normally they

are not provided with clear instructions or any kind of clerical assistance. The common pattern within a unit is that, once every three months, an internal audit of the various accounts is held. Two reports are prepared of this audit – one (which broadly tells the truth) for the commanding officer, and the second (which glosses over any unfortunate discrepancies, probably brought about by there having been no proper hand-overs) for higher authority. Thus it is not often that any irregularity sees the light of day; and the whole system of being 'invited to pay' (which in some cases amounts to buying oneself off from the penalty of a court-martial) is symbolic of the hushed atmosphere that surrounds this department of service life. Two years ago that hush was, characteristically, broken by Field Marshal Montgomery when he remarked to the Royal United Services Institution: 'The army's system of accounting is suitable for the days of Moses, if not of Abraham. It assumes that every man is a crook; and if a man is not a crook, it soon makes him one'. That situation is still with us; and it is unlikely to change until the services recognise that financial administration and accounting is a specialised field demanding its own experts.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Bonn

Octogenarian Readjustment

A Correspondent writes: Chancellor Konrad Adenauer is not the popular type of politician. Ever since he entered public life in Cologne, he has never sought popularity; and when he has fought election campaigns it has been only in order to get or retain the power to carry on his policies. Until the last few years he has not commanded imposing majorities. It was only by one vote – his own – that he was elected Chancellor for the first time in 1949. Always feared as a clever tactical politician, he has often found only unwilling support among his own party on many issues. Of late years, respect has increased because of his amazing physical staying power and his determination to carry through what must obviously be to him a sense of mission for his country. His critics consider Adenauer to be narrow-minded, stiff-necked and even unscrupulous in his use of power. They say he has never ceased to be a *Burgermeister*, who cannot understand a modern democratic parliament. On the other hand, to his admirers he is the heaven-sent leader whose policy has proved right and who is willing to learn from experience – as is shown by his unexpected attitude at the recent Paris meeting of Nato. Certain it is that even his political enemies secretly applauded that action because they saw in it a break with the earlier attitude of simply following wherever Dulles led.

Whether Adenauer has fundamentally changed his outlook on Russia remains to be seen. It is probably nearer the truth to say that he has adjusted himself to an interim situation at home which he knows cannot be resolved by head-on tactics. Atomic weapons and missile bases are more than the West German will take today; and the demand for further exploration of possibilities of agreement with the Russians cannot be ignored, especially since they are backed up by powerful circles abroad. Since Adenauer described the Polish proposal for a zone free from atomic weapons in central Europe as 'unrealistic', the federal government appears to have had second thoughts and is now at least 'studying the matter seriously'. This does not mean acceptance, but it does indicate a realisation that this country wants to keep in line with its European allies, even at the risk of drifting from the earlier line of identity with the US.

Today, the West German is having to admit that the Russians may not after all need disarmament more than do the nations of the west. This means for the people here that there is little point in imagining that disarmament and reunification are inseparably bound up together, and that the USSR intends to give up East Germany – except on its own terms. This is a very bitter truth to accept. But there seems no alternative, especially since even reunification does not stand high in the minds of the people here when placed side by side with the consequences of atomic war.

Rangoon

Ten Years of Trial

A Correspondent writes: The bright sign as Burma celebrates the tenth anniversary of her independence is the mass surrenders of Karen and Communist insurgents which promise the final return of peace. The gloomy prospect is that rice exports and foreign exchange reserves have sagged and the government is broke. But this is the *tenth* anniversary, and independence is still very much here. We have survived. Everyone is happy, and last weekend there were the *pwes* and the fairs, the boat races on the lake and the lights at night, and the endless flowing of people through the streets, aimless, untired and gay.

It is not in the mentality of the Burman to be broken just because he is broke. The Burmese government has been broke before. In 1949, when the Communist insurgents and the Karens, the mutineers and a host of other insurgents were pounding at the gates of Rangoon, things were very hard. Foreign countries were ready to write off Burma, and refused to give her loans or sell urgently needed arms. The situation was desperate. The AFPFL coalition had to fight back, and slowly the tide began to turn. In two years the situation improved so much that the government could do without the £6 million loan granted jointly by Britain and the Commonwealth countries. Rice was finding an eager and insatiable market abroad, fetching as much as £80 a ton. The government could therefore start its welfare projects and industrialisation programmes. Its American economic advisers urged quick and liberal spending for, they said, money must move and work, not pile up. This advice was in complete agreement with the Burmese spirit, and the government did not need to be advised twice to spend.

Economic programmes were initiated, it would seem, partly in accordance with state Socialism and largely also to outdo the Communists. A law to nationalise land for distribution to the peasants was passed a few months after independence, and U Nu, in moving the bill in parliament, consoled the dispossessed landowners by reminding them that to have property was evil and would disqualify one for entry into *nirvana*. Timber, rice, river transportation, electricity, and a few such enterprises and undertakings were taken over from British firms on payment of compensation. Afterwards the government gave nationalisation a rest – it is not to be equated with state Socialism, U Nu said recently – and experimented joint ventures with British industry. Thus the Burma Corporation, 1951, was the first joint venture with British capital in mining; later the Burma Oil Company joint venture followed. The experiments have proved highly successful and the government is now inviting foreign capital with offers of guarantees and incentives.

On the credit side of the balance sheet for the past ten years, there is democracy which has been practised fairly consistently and talked about all the time so that people have come to believe in it. There have been real efforts to build the welfare state. There is the revival of Buddhism and the moral values. There is also the friendship that Burma has gained abroad; and the positive part she has been able to play with her neutral policy in world affairs. On the debit side, the cruel destruction and wanton waste of the insurrections, with the decline in moral values and the raw emotions unleashed. The mistakes that have been made in many spheres have been expensive, and it will be years before their scars are erased. The AFPFL too has suffered. Its unity has been undermined, as leaders lose touch with the people, and petty jealousies, often no bigger than rivalry of wives, tend to divide them into cliques.

There are problems to solve and difficulties to meet in the future, but the ten years of trial which have passed should have taught and toughened Burma enough to meet them well. Peace is the basic need, and the insurgents are responding daily and in growing numbers to the government's offer of freedom and support in resettlement and honour as 'heroes of peace who exchange guns for democracy'. It has, it seems, taken Burma ten years to discover herself. Henceforth it should be a happier journey.

Fleet Street

Although the completed picture is not yet available and will not be for some time, from trade estimates it now begins to look as if somewhere between 600,000 and 700,000 newspaper readers have been lost as a result of the rise in the price of popular papers to 2½d – or roughly between 3.5 and 4 per cent. of the former total circulation of national dailies. This, although a bit bigger than the most optimistic had estimated, is not very formidable. It should still leave most newspapers well in pocket as a result of the price increase. As one would expect, most of the fall in total circulation seems to have been due to some of those who previously took two or even more morning papers now only taking one. But Britain's record as the nation with the largest appetite for newspapers is not in any jeopardy.

Naturally enough *The Times* has benefited from the increased price of its more popular contemporaries. While the circulation of all other London papers has fallen its sales have risen by several thousands, most of them, as far as can be judged, as a result of transfers from the *Daily Telegraph*. When it costs 2½d to get even a high-middle rating on a City-bound train, it obviously becomes increasingly tempting to be a real Top Person for another 1½d. Despite this, the *Telegraph* has lost far fewer readers than any of the other 2½d papers – I should put its decline as a result of the price increase at well below 10,000 readers.

Losses of the two circulation leaders, the *Mirror* and the *Express*, may well turn out to be 12 or 13 times as much as this. This, however, will still leave their mass readership practically undented – although there is a possibility that the *Express* may now find itself in danger of slipping below the magic figure of 4,000,000. Most of the evidence suggests that, apart from the *Daily Telegraph*, the *Mail* has suffered the smallest actual loss of sales among the national dailies – a good deal less in fact than might have been expected. The *Herald* has lost about the amount of circulation that could have been foreseen. The *News Chronicle* and the *Sketch* have suffered worst.

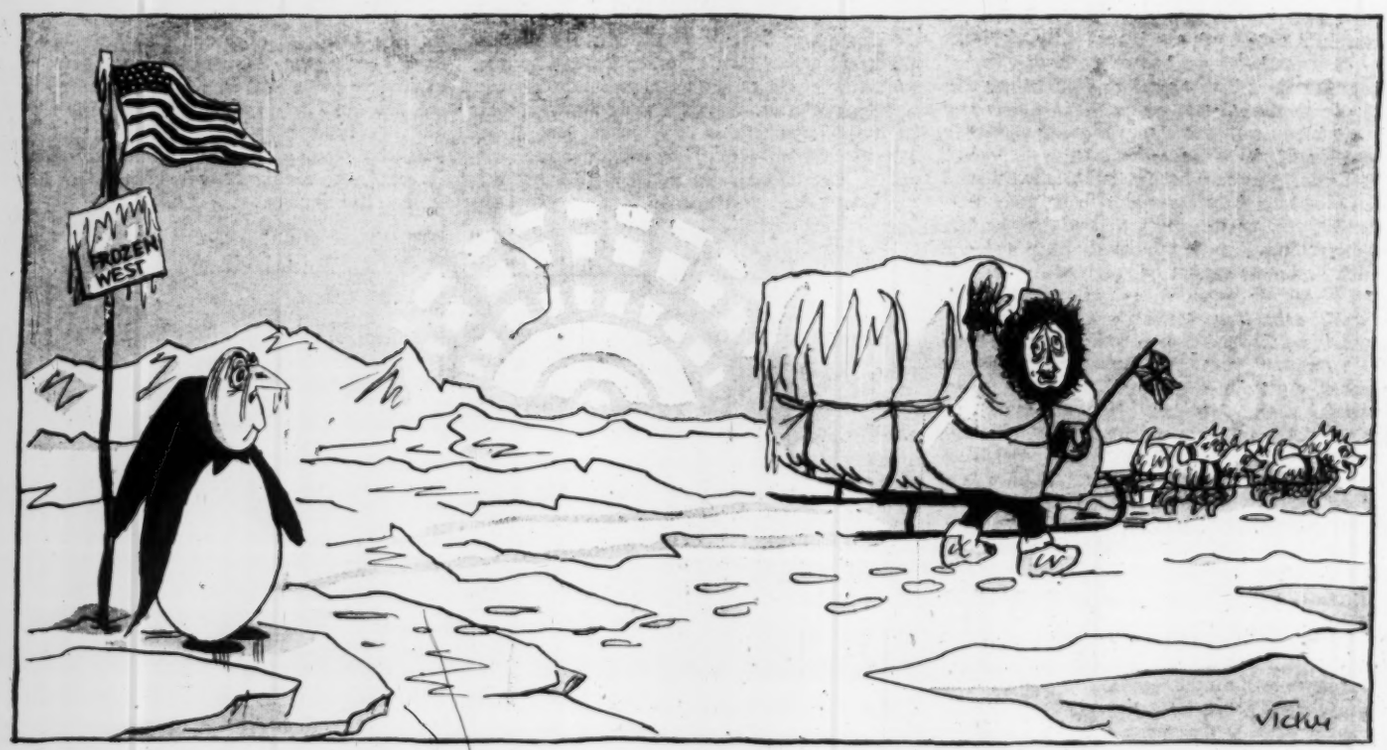
The *Sketch's* fall is understandable enough. It had previously been putting on circulation so rapidly, as a result both of its brash and sensational editorial policy and its new line in competitions, that it had accumulated a good deal of fat. Some slimming seemed inevitable once newspaper readers started taking a new look at their newsagent's bills. However, the current fall still leaves it with the greater part of its earlier gains. The fall in the *News Chronicle* is harder both to bear and to understand. It seems to have been a good deal bigger than most people expected, although, even so, not apparently large enough to take away more than a part of the advantage accruing from the higher price. With not much more than 30 per cent. of the circulation of the *Express* even before the price rise, it now looks as if the *News Chronicle* may have lost about as many readers as the *Express* during this period of counting the 2½ds. I am afraid its trustees have let their policy of 'wait and see' get too strong a grip of them. They really ought to come to a decision pretty quickly on what sort of paper they want the *News Chronicle* to be and what sort of editor they want to run it. And then they should appoint him quickly. The existing staff is doing manfully without anyone on the bridge. But a good number of first-rate people have left the paper in recent months, and the strain on those who remain is beginning to show.

As I have often previously remarked in this column, the one thing a newspaper cannot do without for long is an editor. The experience of popular papers shows this no less than that of those more concerned with the higher realms of public policy. One can understand the *News Chronicle* trustees not wanting to appoint in too much of a hurry. First-rate editors are not easy to find, especially when both popular flair and political judgment are required. But the pause for due consideration is lengthening too much for the paper's health. The trustees ought to pick a promising young man and back him hard. A stake in commercial television – though it may help the *News Chronicle's* finances considerably in the end – is no substitute for journalistic enterprise.

Among Sunday papers the most hard hit by the rise in price seem to have been the *Sunday Graphic*, the *Sunday Dispatch* and *Reynolds News*. I feel sorriest about *Reynolds*. It has been making a praiseworthy effort to capture – or create – a market for serious popular Sunday journalism and it deserves more reward than it has yet got. As the only Socialist Sunday newspaper, it might also reasonably have expected a substantial response from Labour readers when it embarked on its present policy. But it looks as if most members of the Labour Party drop their politics on a Sunday.

Although, as I said earlier, the total effect on newspaper circulations of the rise in price has by no means been formidable it has undoubtedly hit a number of papers hard. And in the main those most hit are the ones least able to take fresh blows with any show of equanimity. Meanwhile commercial TV is making larger and larger inroads into advertising budgets and is having more and more success in attracting the big-money advertising as the evidence of its mass pulling power accumulates. All in all, one cannot, with the best will in the world, do more than report that the New Year outlook for Fleet Street – or rather for some parts of it – begins to look pretty bleak.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS



Public Relations Diplomacy

PERHAPS the most accurate – and least enchanting – symbol of our age is the public relations man. Values, principles or results do not concern him: he is interested solely in acceptability, in merging product and customer in the lowest common denominator of agreement. Public relations have invaded every citadel of money and influence; they are now extending their empire to government. The extent to which, in America, 'social engineering' now determines not merely the presentation of policy, but the policy itself, was examined in the study of the presidential machinery which we published on 7 December under the title of 'The Cipher in the White House'. But the process is at work here also, and the Prime Minister's broadcast last Sunday was a significant victory for the public relations principle of politics.

His new proposal for a non-aggression pact with Russia is almost totally obscure. We do not know whether it is intended to be a bilateral pact, with Britain as the only western signatory, or whether it will embrace all the great powers. We do not know whether it will contain concrete and enforceable provisions. We do not even know whether it will be negotiated through normal diplomatic channels, or whether it will be on the agenda for a future Summit meeting. The only thing clear about it is its motive. Throughout the past year, public opinion in this country, as elsewhere, has shown itself increasingly alarmed at the severing of all diplomatic bridges with Moscow. The Soviet technological triumphs, and the decision to install rocket-bases in Europe, have heightened the fears of a nuclear catastrophe, and strengthened the demand for a final effort to reach agreement before mankind resigns itself to the arms race. Both the American and, to a lesser extent, the British governments underestimated the extent of this feeling; and at the Nato conference, Mr Dulles was forced to abandon some of his objectives and agree, in principle at least, to further talks with Russia. Mr Macmillan's position was even more difficult: for he had already committed Britain, at the Bermuda conference, to the establishment of US rocket-bases; and he was thus unable to join in the revolt of the European members of Nato which forced Mr Dulles's hand. The impression of British impotence at the conference was reinforced by the government's dismal performance in the subsequent debate, and the abstention of the Suez rebels. In addition to the growing clamour of left and liberal and, under the counter, some Tory opinion, Mr Macmillan had thus to appease the demands of his own supporters for a fresh British initiative.

It is here that the public relations mechanism came into play. Mr Macmillan looked around for a diplomatic formula which, while providing public evidence of his 'sincere desire' for a settlement with Russia, would not, in any respect whatsoever, modify the politico-military strategy of the West. He finally hit upon the non-aggression pact. The fact that an identical proposal had been put forward several times by the Russians in the past decade, and had on each occasion been rejected out of hand by the West, does not seem to have deterred him in the least. Public relations is not concerned with realities, but with acceptability; and a non-aggression pact is both harmless – and sellable.

The same principle has dictated the reactions of the other western capitals. The Macmillan proposal has evoked cold disapproval in Washington and Paris, and somewhat confused enthusiasm in Bonn. Mr Dulles feels that such a treaty would diminish the West's 'sense of urgency' – to him the prime and essential dynamic of successful cold-war policy. The French are afraid that its acceptance will enhance Britain's position as a 'senior partner' in Nato. The Germans welcome it as a sop to their own public opinion, but fear it could lead to parallel proposals which might undermine support for Adenauer's basic position on re-unification. The reactions, in fact, have been entirely confined to the secondary aspects of the proposal: that is, to its probable effects on the attitude of western public opinion to the Cold War. Nowhere has there been any attempt to evaluate its primary merits: whether or not it will lead to a reduction of tension, and so prepare the way for a settlement.

Indeed, this diplomatic pantomime has convincingly underlined western insincerity. For while western chancelleries are convulsed by this meaningless debate, the Polish 'disengagement' proposals – first tabled as long ago as October – still remain unanswered. Why? The answer is becoming increasingly clear. Because they are concrete, practicable and negotiable. Because they cannot be smothered in public relations diplomacy. Because they provide a real basis for a meeting of minds between East and West. It is no accident that this week Mr Denis Healey – a hard-headed 'realist' of the Labour right – has published a pamphlet which, though written before the Polish proposals were made, reproduces them in almost identical form. For the case he presents is based on the simple but decisive fact that a 'cool area' in central Europe would be mutually advantageous to both blocs. Hence, while we welcome the Macmillan proposal – for its very insincerity indicates the shift of public opinion which has occasioned it – we repeat that there can be no substitute for the will to negotiate. And the only way this will can be tested – on both sides – is on the anvil of precise and workable proposals.

Prospect in Pakistan

'THE essential thing to remember about Pakistan is that we did not begin with nothing, but with less than nothing.' I had been in Karachi only a few hours when I heard this comment from a young journalist, and for the next two months I was to hear it over and over again until it seemed to assume the proportions of a national *cri de cœur*.

At least it is a statement of fact, for the partition of 1947 left Pakistan with by far the poorer share of the cake. She had many valuable raw materials, but the factories were too often on the wrong side of the frontier. She had plenty of jute, for example, without a single jute mill; considerable wood pulp, but no paper mills; and a similar situation applied to cotton, sugar, and wool. India had the best seaports in Calcutta and Bombay, whereas Pakistan had to make do with Karachi (which was poorly equipped) and Chittagong (which was worse). India had the steelworks and the coalfields; and, in Delhi, Calcutta, Bombay and Madras, she had the traditional administrative and commercial centres of British India. Karachi, on the other hand, became a capital city overnight, without adequate accommodation or equipment. 'I started my office,' a civil servant told me, 'without a typewriter or even a pin.' He might have added that the majority of his colleagues were badly trained and seriously under-educated, for when Pakistan lost her Hindu and Sikh populations she also lost thousands of those men who had formed an educated middle-class – the teachers, technicians and administrators. But the biggest single obstacle placed in the way of Pakistan's development by the partition line was the division of the country into an east and a west wing, giving her two populations with little in common except the religion of Islam, which was assumed to justify their shared nationality. Separated by a thousand miles of India, they rarely meet each other, nor do they even speak the same language.

All this is the legacy of partition. Yet it is only part of that 'less than nothing', for Pakistan inherited a second sad legacy (this time one which she shared with India) – that of British rule. In the words of a young works-manager in Karachi: 'Most of what is now Pakistan was of purely military or economic interest to you, so you didn't care about its industrial or social development. You treated East Bengal as a granary for your business men in Calcutta, and the northern part of what is now West Pakistan was merely a base for your troops facing the North-west Frontier'. True indeed, and the visitor continues to stumble upon detailed evidence of it. In Rawalpindi, for instance, there is today a new hospital; for the only hospital left by the British in this city of nearly 200,000 people can accurately be described as a slum – though the medical facilities for the British troops who were stationed there were very impressive.

Certainly Pakistan has done much for herself in the past ten years: six times as many looms and spindles in her cotton mills as in 1947; 13 jute mills, three paper mills and three woollen mills; five sugar refineries instead of one; some of the most spectacular instances of land reclamation in the world; developments, too, in education. Today Pakistan has nearly 50,000 primary schools and 8,000 secondary schools. She has built three new universities. There are new hydro-electric schemes, new hospitals, and new industrial estates. There are new housing schemes, new transport developments, and much improvement to the harbours at Karachi and Chittagong. Natural gas has been tapped and used for industrial purposes.

I remember a day spent in an agricultural college in the Punjab, where groups of eager young men were applying the latest research to the soil of their country, and I remember a room full of girl medical students in Lahore, their faces eager and preoccupied, quietly dissecting corpses; and I doubt if I shall ever forget the joy on the faces of one group of villagers near Lyallpur as they showed me their own little drainage scheme, which they themselves had conceived and built.

Yet I found alongside all this a widespread cynicism in Pakistan, and of a rather desperate kind. Nor is it likely to be extinguished in the near future, for it has too much to feed on – political instability, social insecurity, nepotism and corruption in the public services, religious and communal hysteria, and an attitude to world affairs that remains curiously ambivalent. All this is particularly obvious to the visitor who arrives here from India, for he immediately notices the comparative absence of social enthusiasm in Pakistan, just as he feels instantly depressed at her

political confusion. Coming from a country that is both Socialist and secular, he misses the sense of purpose and direction that comes from a common ambition and a national plan, and he very soon begins to wonder whether religion is really a valid basis for nationality in the mid-20th century.

Not only has Pakistan failed in ten years to produce a government with a constructive social policy, but she has still to hold her first general election. Instead of two or three political parties divided by honestly held social principles, she has endured a set of cliques commanded (since the deaths of Jinnah and Liaquat Ali Khan) by mediocrities, whose programmes seem gloriously remote from the realities of life as lived by the 80 million citizens of Pakistan – and especially by the 80 per cent of them who live on the land.

There has been no effective attempt to cancel the consequences of a law of inheritance which causes the break-up of an economically workable piece of land into pointlessly tiny units. The war on poverty and ignorance, though impressive in isolated instances, has been haphazard and uncoordinated. Literacy is still only 20 per cent. The average annual income is even now only £20 per head; and, although ten years is apparently too short a period to merit a general election, it has been long enough for a few opportunists to become industrial millionaires, joining the wealthy landlords on the heights of political influence. The trade unions are small and impotent. The formidable refugee problem remains only partly solved, and many hundreds of thousands of Moslems who fled across the frontier in 1947 still live in squalid shanty-towns, a continuous and visible indictment of communal feeling and religious hysteria.

Yet that feeling and that hysteria still remain, underlying the whole of Pakistan's attitude, official and unofficial, to her secular neighbour across the border. The power of the Moslem mullahs seems to be as strong as ever in rural areas, a continual obstacle to the development of a progressive spirit; and, despite lip-service to the ideal of women's emancipation, it is still a rare thing to see women out in the open in many of the villages. Intelligent Pakistanis can certainly be excused their cynicism when they recall that, although expenditure on defence in the present year will be in the region of 79/m rupees (more than half the total national expenditure), the amount given to the 'beneficial and social' departments is only 82/m.

It is perhaps too easy for a western visitor to express horror at the extent of nepotism, corruption, and sheer incompetence in the public services, for these phenomena are by no means confined to Pakistan. Moreover he would be wise to remember that 'less than nothing'. When a junior clerk is promoted overnight to the position of a first secretary, and still receives a salary that is too small to provide him with sufficient food for his family, who can be surprised if he increases that salary by the easiest means open to him? If a senior official has an unemployed nephew and if he is in a position to make public appointments, can he be blamed for giving priority to his own family in a land where the standard of living is so low – and, it must be added, where family ties are so strong?

The foreign policy of his country puts the intelligent Pakistani into a mood of confused dismay. Last November, having for nine years been told that the unity of Islam was all-important, and that India, being persistently anti-Moslem, was his country's greatest enemy, he was startled to see his government being slapped in the face by a Moslem Egypt which at once behaved with the utmost friendliness to the government in Delhi.

Pakistan, whose economy is kept alive by continued injections of dollars – though it seems that even Washington is beginning to get worried at the use to which its money is being put – is inevitably committed to the West. She can hardly be surprised if she is regarded with contempt by Egypt, ridicule by India and dismayed incomprehension by the rest of Asia. Her economic position compels her to accept aid from the most convenient quarter, and her social confusion forces her to reaffirm over and over again the one fact that can justify her existence and unite her people – her Islamic faith. The Kashmir problem is extremely convenient in this context, and it is useful to pretend that the 40 million Moslems who live in India are in constant danger of persecution.

Essentially the problem of Pakistan is alarmingly simple. Can religion, which was the cause and justification of her existence, prove strong enough to discount the fact of her economic and social absurdity? Can it give her a social spirit rigorous enough to cancel out that 'less than nothing' with which she started? For how long can Moslem feeling, fanned by a harassed government and a hysterical press, hold Pakistan together in the face of social misery, economic chaos, unwelcome foreign aid, differences of language, and the presence on her borders of a secular and Socialist India?

Most Pakistanis, I found, will concede the validity of these questions. Then they shrug their shoulders and say: 'Somehow we must do it. We cannot go back. Partition was necessary. There would have been no future for us in an India with a Hindu majority. Anything, even the condition we are in at the moment, is better than that'.

GEORGE LEATHER

London Diary

FRANCIS WILLIAMS suggests that the decline in newspaper sales this year may be as large as 700,000. At the same time, advertisers are spending more and more on TV time. These two facts make me wonder whether we are really witnessing a decline of the daily paper. There is, of course, a great deal of ruin in newspapers as well as nations, and I don't expect to see the grass growing in Fleet Street. But, having taught the public to buy newspapers for entertainment, the press lords have made it easy for the ordinary man to make the transition from reading to viewing. Television doesn't need news to skirt the nudes, or banner headlines and competitions to drag readers away from rival publications. It has a docile captive audience, happy with its thrillers, westerns and variety shows, and content to be sold its news and its politics as if they were cakes of soap and patent medicines. How far can this process go? What is clear is that just as in the Thirties young people used to venerate great journalists like A. J. Cummings, H. W. Nevinson and Swaffer, today they follow the smooth 'communicators' like Richard Dimbleby, Aidan Crawley and Chris Chataway. I'm not surprised that the Lewisham Tories are hoping to run Chataway as an LCC candidate. It's the obvious thing to do. In the same way, Ludovic Kennedy and Moira Shearer are likely to cash in more on Rochdale's servitude to the one-eyed monster than on Ludovic Kennedy's recent conversion to the Liberal Party.

* * *

This week's Burmese celebration of the tenth anniversary of Independence has recalled vividly to my mind the immense excitement of my first visit to the Far East. We left on Christmas Day and arrived in time to be present at 4 a.m. on 4 January, which the soothsayers had decided was an auspicious moment for the Burmese flag to fly instead of the Union Jack. My impression then was of a smiling and happy country and this has not been substantially changed on subsequent visits in spite of the criminal war which the Communists have been waging all the time. I can think of no rebellion and no war that has less to excuse it. After the Japanese and British, not to mention Indian landlords, had been thrown out of the country, there was no foreign or feudal obstruction to independence or to Socialism, as there was in most other parts of Asia. The liberation alliance of Communists and Socialists was broken up by the Communists for no intelligible reason. Even after the split, Nu and the group of Socialists in power were perfectly willing to work with the Communists, and if their Socialism was slow, it was largely because the Communists fought them instead of pushing them forward. This killed any lingering hope of co-operation with Communism – as opposed to an 'agreement to differ' – a year before the coup d'état in Czechoslovakia pushed the lesson home. Burma has made much progress in spite of this insensate war.

* * *

Several people have written to me to confirm my explanation of the *Manchester Guardian's* headline about Indonesians 'eating mice'. The editor has since gone so far as to admit in a footnote that it is 'highly probable' that 'mice' was a mistake for 'maize'. (He did not explain, by the way, why Vernon Bartlett wrote 'field mice'!). The point of rubbing in this mistake is that so much of the news about Indonesia coming from Malaya – and of course from Amsterdam – is suspect; it is a centre of rumour and credulity, much as Riga once was about Soviet Russia. *The Times* correspondent in Djakarta itself is doing better. Mr Gaitskell was clearly influenced by his environment when he suggested in Singapore that we might have to expect Indonesia to fall into Communist hands. This of course may happen. But at the moment it is not the issue. The point has been sharply put by Foreign Minister Subandrio, whom many of us remember as the able advocate of his country's struggle when the Dutch started their post-war military action for the second time after the war, and then became the first Indonesian Ambassador in London. On the eve of his tour with President Sukarno, he said, bluntly, that 'deplorable western press comments' might cut the foundations of 'Indonesian sympathy and affection for the West'. And Subandrio is a friend of this country.

* * *

Many of us will sadly miss Walter Elliot. He should never have been a Tory politician. Among the many good talkers I've known none equalled Elliot in his heyday. Tom Jones wrote a superb description of his conversation in the anonymous profile which this journal published side by side with Low's famous cartoon of Elliot, with his irresistible resemblance to Donald Duck. He could get up – as I heard him only a few weeks ago at a Brains Trust dinner – and outclass everyone with witty and perceptive comment. In the Thirties he was the central figure of the RSG luncheon club; he was then a leading Tory figure, regarded as a competitor with Anthony Eden for the premiership. But the Tory party never wanted his type of cleverness. He was a scientist by training, one of the very few public men who understood the way the modern technical world

was going. He was not much good, I think, when it came to the hard choices of party warfare. He chose the wrong side in the great Churchill-Chamberlain battle and was very much odd-man-out when Churchill came to office in 1940. Why he left his proper home in the Glasgow Fabian Society (where he was a colleague of Jimmy Maxton many years ago) I never knew. Politics will scarcely miss him, but many of us will mourn the loss of his companionship.

* * *

Lord Waverley, in old age, a courtly host and, I'm sure, a shrewd adviser on behalf of the Port of London Authority, has long seemed to me the very symbol of what is now dubbed the Establishment. I suspect that if he had been 20 years younger, the Establishment would not have been crumbling as fast as it now is. For Waverley would not have fallen for the Eden folly in Suez; he was much too able and level-headed to have taken a wild gamble against the advice of experts. He would have wanted a proper 'appreciation' of the situation before he started to kill people. Kill them, of course, he did in the name of law and order, both in Northern Ireland and as Governor of Bengal. He showed all the qualities proper to an empire-builder. His courage when the terrorists were after him in India was remarkable, and he was an extremely efficient, if ruthless, organiser. He was a man of method and firm grasp, and he performed all his jobs, right from his first civil service appointment up to his key position in Churchill's war Cabinet, with the same firm, pompous efficiency. He was indispensable to Churchill in the last war just as Milner was to Lloyd-George in the First World War; that is to say, he analysed innumerable complicated documents and gave sage advice on them to the Prime Minister. But when I remember his solemn, powerful and dignified personality, I seem to see once again the very epitome of an Eminent Victorian.

* * *

When I saw the present production of the *Lysistrata* in its earlier version in Brighton (the leading female rebel was then Constance Cummings, not Joan Greenwood) I wondered whether it would really ever appear on a London stage. That anything as frankly and delightfully bawdy should be popularly enjoyed in this country seems to me a great advance. The play is also extremely topical, for people are worrying about war now, as they did when Aristophanes produced his series of peace propaganda plays. I wonder how many people now read Gilbert Murray's brilliant lecture, published in the middle of the first World War, called *Aristophanes and the War Party*? Unhappily, though Aristophanes, anticipating space travel, mounted his hero on a dung-beetle when he went to heaven to plead for peace, our situation is not now strictly parallel. I don't think that the policies of Mr Dulles, Mr Krushchev and Mr Macmillan would be changed by the threat of sex-starvation.

* * *

This week's *Punch* is the first produced under the ægis of its new editor, Mr Bernard Hollowood. Big changes are in the air, I hear. There will be far less politics, particularly of the savage, under-the-skin variety Malcolm Muggeridge so successfully elicited from his writers and cartoonists, and more of the gentle family humour of the old *Punch* sort, with the TV set replacing the lawnmower. *Punch* is also to get a lift-up in the social world. No less a personage than the Duke of Edinburgh is to attend one of the weekly meetings of the Punch 'table'. This news has aroused some speculation in Fleet Street, for Muggeridge, though no longer editor, is still a member of the 'table'. But those who expect a touching reconciliation will be disappointed. By one of those extraordinary coincidences so dear to the English Establishment, Muggeridge will be abroad the week the Duke is due to attend.

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

Mr Thomas Stevenson, the proprietor of an apartment house, said at Bridlington County Court yesterday that he did not supply baths for visitors and considered that a person coming for a holiday should have a bath before he came.—*Manchester Guardian.* (K. Tavener.)

During the interval the Queen and Prince Philip took the children to see the menagerie. They were preceded a few minutes before by men with disinfectant sprays who charged the atmosphere with a few well-chosen squirts.—*News Chronicle.* (E. M. Pelc.)

I am sick and tired of the people who run down their own country.

We are still a Power. Let the Government, for once, answer other countries with, 'This is GREAT Britain. Who do you think you're talking to? Then the world would respect us.—Letter in *Evening News.* (A. Kundu.)

A friend of mine has her surname engraved on her upper set of false teeth. When she takes out her teeth, you can see her name clearly indented on the roof of her mouth.—Letter in *Reveille.* (H. Murray.)

Predecessors

'. . . . . their predecessors, Scott and Amundsen, a Norwegian.' (*Daily Telegraph.*)

How worthy, middle-class and human
The rumbling platitudes of Truman
Which Beaver offers me with – maybe –
Exclusive burps from Eva's baby!

And, when Miss Spain is wearing thin,
I can lament with Godfrey Winn.
(Exclusively my paper carried
The tale of Why He Never Married.)

I've read of Mintoff and of Laycock
Norma and Kennedy and Haycock,
But now I've read a cryptic word of
A bloke, it seems, we've never hear of.

They say that, long before Sir Edmund
When Asquith made the news (and Redmond)
There came to the Antarctic Region
One Amundsen, a mere Norwegian.

Now, even the *Express* has not
Neglected to refer to Scott;
The strident headlines blare and bellow –
But who was this Norwegian fellow?

Horace (a Roman) said that *Mors*
Knocked impartially at doors;
Though Solomon (a Hebrew) said it,
Hamlet (a Dane) can share the credit.

Milton and Molière and Marlowe
Were never news at Monte Carlo,
And with these antiquated men
I'll file this person Amundsen,

And give attention to the pleasant
Panorama of the Present –
The rock 'n rollin' lust and hate
Of Nineteen frightful Fifty-eight.

REGINALD REYNOLDS

Thoughts on the Bank

THERE is a considerable danger that press sensationalism and party passion will distract attention from the serious lessons of the Bank rate inquiry to its more superficial aspects. Nothing is easier than to make rhetorical points about the abuses of the feudal 'old boy net' when it is superimposed on the profit motive of the capitalist system. On the other side – and equally fairly – it is argued that it was Mr Dalton who caused the trouble by setting up a board (in this case called the Court), the composition of which exacted undue sacrifice from its members and put them into an invidious position of inescapable double loyalty. And both sides could (and often do) agree on the simplest of remedial measures, the abolition of part-time membership of the Court of the Bank. There would be no temptation and all would be well – or would it?

The lesson of this unique tribunal should not be sought in its findings, whatever they may be. It matters comparatively little whether some sales of gilt-edged securities were more inspired than others. As Palmerston said of Perceval: 'I wish he were unfaithful to his wife and beat the Misses Perceval and saved the country'. If the problem were only how to prevent even the slightest suspicion of illicit gains, things would be easy. It is not a possible leak about, but the positive folly of, Seven Per Cent which really is important.

People who want to limit the intercourse of the Chancellor with his party, or with economic experts and journalists who are not covered by the Official Secrets Act, are foolish. It would be most dangerous to try to circumscribe the Chancellor's liberty in this respect, for how could a democratic policy either be evolved or be adequately explained if ministers were not allowed, first to discuss important decisions, and then to start explaining them in time to allow a party organisation to prepare itself for putting them across to the public? Nor is there any justification for the protest against Mr Thorneycroft's consulting Professors Robbins and Sayers. It is much better if the Chancellor gets his extreme liberal *laisser faire* advice straight from the horse's mouth, rather than through the intermediary of supposedly impartial civil servants who have been previously indoctrinated by the same experts.

Nor is this all. The next Labour Chancellor seems bound to strengthen the ranks of the civil service, and especially of the Treasury, by full-time experts – perhaps following the example of the American Council of Economic Advisers. But there will always be a number of economists left outside who ought to be consulted. And, while the organisation of a part-time advisory council might help to solve this difficulty, it, in turn, poses difficult problems. The first and negative conclusion, therefore, that suggests itself, is that the Labour Party must not be pushed into premature and unconsidered condemnation of one or other particular aspect of Conservative policy-making, however immediately advantageous such an attack may appear. There is plenty of material in the Bank rate affair with which to beat the Tories which does not prejudice one's own liberty of action.

One lesson that emerges with irresistible force from all these proceedings is the jejune amateurishness and lack of seriousness of the policy-making organs. In all the long conversations we

have been told about from Whitehall to the grouse moors, from Threadneedle Street to the marts of Canada, it would be difficult to find a single intelligent – or even relevant – observation. The letters that have been published which passed between the directors of the Bank are devoid of any reasoned argument. Gossip, melodrama and pseudo-moralising about the duties of Britain as a banker and the need of punishing the economy by a 'swingeing' increase in interest rates, was all we got. This type of part-time directorship is indeed worthless.

The question of why gold losses mounted when the current balance of payments was showing a steady improvement was never touched upon. It did not seem to occur to anyone how absurd it was to try to cause a fall in income and outlay, and so risk depression and unemployment, when the problem of gold losses arose out of a speculative attack on sterling, combined with large *British exports of capital.* It all recalls the nightmare world of the late Twenties when the slump of 1929 was created equally artificially. Then, as now, the Bank of England, with the consent of the Treasury and in co-operatioon with the Americans, tried to deal with a specific problem – at that time Stock Exchange speculation – by a general restriction of credit. In 1929 they succeeded in causing a general collapse – leading directly to Hitler's victory in Germany and ultimately to war. Such an ill-starred triumph is unlikely now: prices and wages are still on the increase and the restrictive policy will probably be frustrated by the increase in armaments. But if the bankers had their way, they would once more plunge us into depression because of their obsessive hostility to direct controls and their reluctance to co-operate with the trade unions in hammering out a conscious wage policy, with all that implies in terms of social policy and taxation. Mr Thorneycroft's resignation on the issue of the estimates, when the economy is underemployed, shows the dogmatic frenzy into which the Whigs have worked themselves.

This dilettante concentration on the banking aspect of our international relations was also at the bottom of Montagu Norman's crimes against Britain. Even the tragedy of 1925, the return to the Gold Standard at the pre-war parity, would not by itself have been fatal: it was not the handicap on exports, which the increased value of the pound implied, that killed British recovery. It was the vast overlending by the City to all comers from abroad, especially Germany, and heavy investment in US shares, when British industry was starved of new capital. British productivity could not keep pace with that of the US and Germany: unemployment in Britain was perpetuated, no new industries arose to absorb the workless.

These basic issues were never even touched upon by those who are now responsible for economic policy in Britain. But even from the Whig-deflationist point of view, the affair seems to have been shockingly mismanaged. Sir Roger Makins, our former ambassador to the US, who has suddenly become the chief adviser on economic matters, said: 'On 7 August, the Chancellor gave instructions that during his absence abroad a study should be made in the Treasury of the possibility of bringing about a measure of deflation in the economy and the work was put in hand'. Apparently the need for continuous study had not previously been felt. It is not surprising that in the end, when none of the shocking leaks in exchange control had been attended to, the growing panic, fed by rumour, forced the adoption of spectacular, if unsuitable, methods.

Beside the preposterous absence of professional knowledge and sureness of touch at the Treasury, the position of part-time directors of the Bank is a minor issue. There is no doubt that Conservatives are at last beginning to realise this. The new Chancellor may seek to amend the Bank of England Act and abolish part-time directors. Labour should be very chary of supporting such a project. The appointment of a quasi-independent, permanent full-time Court would make the Bank more and not less independent of the Treasury, and subject the 'full-time' directors more and not less to the Governor. What is needed both in the Treasury and at the Bank is capacity for general economic policy-making. Central banking is not concerned with granting sound loans but with the economic destiny of the country.

It would be a grave mistake for a Labour Cabinet to rely on the hope of being able to appoint a Governor who, at one stroke, would be able to transform the Bank into a supporter of a Labour government. Institutions have their own traditions and laws of development. Even if a Treasury official or, *horribile dictu,* a left-wing economist were put at the head of the Bank he would soon find himself under overwhelming pressure, surrounded as he would be by the City and a financial-minded staff. If only to make life tolerable for themselves, the Governor and full-time directors would soon become (to paraphrase Bismarck's witty remark) the City's ambassadors in the Treasury instead of being the Chancellor's ambassadors in the City. It is essential that this fact should be accepted and that counterbalancing forces should be maintained *within the Bank,* having access to information and being able to advocate alternative policies, before the position has crystallised, both at the regular meetings of the Court and, if necessary, to the Chancellor himself.

The intransigence, as early as Mr Truman's day, of the US Federal Reserve Board, which has full-time members and depends on a permanent civil service staff, has made orderly economic policy-making even more difficult in the US than it is here. That lesson must be learnt. What is needed is far more intricate than the mere abolition of part-time governors, far more difficult than the *léger-de-main* now contemplated by some people in the Labour Party. The objective must be to infuse into the Bank a force which counterbalances the exclusively financial point of view. The first need is to make a direct servant of the Chancellor – either the Permanent Secretary to the Treasury or his deputy, or the Economic Adviser – chairman of the Court. In any case, they should all be permanent members of the Court. The part-time membership should consist of selected political (in contrast to theoretical) economists, together with the chairman of the associations of financial institutions, such as that of the clearing banks. In this way the existing divisions of loyalty could be minimised while legitimate City interest could be closely associated with the government of the central institution of the financial system, whose management would no longer be conducted exclusively by the City.

Those whose efforts brought about the appointment of the tribunal must be congratulated for having uncovered – for those who have eyes to see – the real reason behind the five grave exchanges crises which have since the war undermined Britain's international position and now threaten full employment and social peace.

THOMAS BALOGH

Nice to be Stretched

I REMEMBER Eric Shipton looking down on the tarn at Eskdale and wondering about the motives that brought boys to the Outward Bound school. A group of them were walking below us, following a climbing instructor to a nearby rocky bluff. The boys were mainly from factories and had come for a month's intensive course. 'They aren't starting to enjoy hills the way we did, but it seems to do something to them, to stretch them in a useful way. I suppose it's all right.' There was perplexity in Shipton's voice.

The Outward Bound trust have recently produced a symposium* which tells the story of their very considerable achievement. But one reads with perplexity. So much has been done. A new technique of education has been developed and large numbers of youngsters are getting something of great value from these courses based on seamanship and hill-craft. But what is it that they get? How deep does it go? How long does it stick? Why is this particular type of activity supposed to have such special value in character training? And why are those words 'character training' so chill and daunting? Is Outward Bound a passing educational fad or have Kurt Hahn and his fellow explorers found something important?

Take the question of motivation. Boys do not go to Outward Bound because they want to humanise industrial society or to better their own characters. These are the aims that sell the idea to businessmen or parents. I suspect that before the boys arrive a variety of more or less irrelevant motives are at work. In the first few days the magic of the course begins and the initial motives are shaken up and replaced by the realisation of a paradox, that hardship, welcomed and coped with, brings joy. This is probably the crux of the whole method. The idea is old. It would not be news to a barefoot pilgrim on the road to Benares or Mecca. But it was news to many safe professional men in the mid-19th century who founded the Alpine Club. It is news to many secure young apprentices and secondary schoolboys in the mid-20th century.

For various reasons the church, which is also concerned with character training, usually fails nowadays to lure people into insecure living; but other ways are being explored. Outward Bound is one. At a younger age Scouting has often been remarkably successful. The Duke of Edinburgh's Award is another approach, still in its experimental stage. Another organisation working on the problem is Brathay Hall on Lake Windermere. Here normal courses, rather like Outward Bound, are run; but they are wider and perhaps better balanced. There is also a unique follow-up scheme. Boys who have been on the ordinary course may come back and join with groups of public or grammar school boys on 'exploration' expeditions. They back-pack and camp high. They survey Lakeland tarns, study glaciers in Norway and birds in Foula. It is a splendid scheme. But the problem of motivation comes in here too.

I was the guest at a planning session last year. The leaders were worried because they had measured all the Lakeland tarns. What further scientific motive could be found to justify expeditions camping high in the home hills? There is not much left for a boy to measure or explore in Westmorland. Would a training expedition be sufficiently dynamic without the smell of a scientific objective in its nostrils? There were grave

* *Outward Bound.* Edited by DAVID JAMES. *Routledge.* 21*s.*

the things they say!

Germany? Didn't know we exported chemicals there.

Indeed we do — and to America and Arabia, Spain and Siam.

In fact, to almost every country in the world.

But, surely, other industrial countries have their own chemical industries?

So they have, yet they still buy chemicals from us.

Why is that?

Often because it would cost them more to make the chemicals themselves.
Also because they need many of the new, specialised chemical products that Britain, with her chemical knowledge and experience, has been able to develop.

Good for us!

Very good for us — *and* for our balance of payments. Last year the British chemical industry sold about £250 million worth of its products abroad. That would be far more than enough to pay for all our imports of wool.

Well, that seems a fair exchange. Soda ash for sheepskins, eh?

And not only soda ash, but synthetic fibres,
drugs and dyestuffs, paints and plastics.

Sounds impressive!

It certainly is. Chemicals are the third largest of Britain's exporting industries, and I.C.I. the biggest exporter among Britain's chemical companies.

ICI

doubts. Of course we, the schoolmaster-mountaineers, knew that the real objective was non-scientific – something to do with character perhaps or just plain enjoyment. But these are will-o-the-wisps; pursue them too consciously and you lose them.

We do not really understand what goes on. The Outward Bound book offers the beginning of a theory. There is Kurt Hahn's idea that only if you kindle the 'non-poisonous passions' – the zest for building, the craving for adventure, the love of skill – can you avoid the brutishness of adolescence. Then there is the other part of the theory: we must, as Captain J. F. Fuller has written, 'preserve . . . some of the character and virtue which was once our national heritage in a less scientific and industrial age'.

It seems to me that both these ideas turn away from the present problem and provide an understanding of only part of the situation. The adolescent who has not escaped brutishness, and the countryside which has been contaminated, are with us and need to be redeemed. Outward Bound has reached out successfully to many youths who revolve with safe regularity in our industrial machine; it has scarcely yet touched the misfit. There is a great deal to be learnt about the limits and possibilities of Outward Bound methods. But whether or not these topics become thesis fodder for educational D. Phils, the success of the method is already subject to a practical test. The test is whether or not the products of these courses carry back a permanently useful effect into their own society. On balance it looks as if this does happen, but it is not inevitable.

There is a widespread belief that mountaineering and sailing are good for people's characters, almost in the way that ozone was supposed to benefit our grandparents' health. I have my doubts. It is hard to escape the conclusion that mountaineering *per se* is a pretty sterile occupation. If the only gain to the world is more and better mountaineers then it is a small gain. It is true that a few mountaineers never outgrow the fevered, fanatical love of climbing which fires them in youth. These, if they are spared, usually become bores. But the majority do outgrow their early ardour. If such people, because of their youthful adventures, become wiser politicians, more sensitive charge-hands or less turgid schoolmasters, then something of value has been brought back from the mountains.

But how does it happen? First of all there is little doubt that an honest shaking does a lad good, especially if he is shaken by the elements. Boys on an Outward Bound course discover in themselves resilience and reserves which they had not formerly suspected. Both their insight and external aesthetic awareness may become more acute. It is somewhere here that the first paradox is learnt: that it's nice to be stretched. The second great gain is in human relations: that friendships made in a situation of shared hardship or shared challenge go a good deal deeper than the normal contacts of club, pub, desk or bench.

It is usual in discussing Outward Bound to make a lot of the idea of leadership. This is a highly misleading word, and tends to obscure what is really happening. Some day a contemporary anthropologist will consider the deeper social and psychological functions of the whole movement. One writer has already discussed the similarity in aim between one of the Outward Bound courses and an African initiation ceremony. May it not be that two ancient rituals – initiation and pilgrimage – both find a modern counterpart here. Can we in modern urban life do without such profound, symbolic experiences which helped to illuminate the life of our ancestors? One gave a youth the foretaste of committed, dangerous living that lay ahead and it turned him towards manhood; the other gave the elderly man a taste of simple, purposeful living and a sight of spiritual goals which kept him young in heart.

The scientific and geographical goals of land, sea and air travel will become more and more artificial; but the contemplative, poetic rewards of sea and mountain are inexhaustible. Somewhere ahead of us lies the answer to the problem which puzzled Shipton and the Brathay people. How should a modern pilgrim start his journey? The mountain peak and the church spire symbolise two of the answers. There is a connection between climbing, sailing and pot-holing on the one hand and art and worship on the other. But even if we fully understood the connection I doubt if the lads at Brathay or Aberdovey would appreciate being told what it was.

ROBIN A. HODGKIN

The Worst Woman in the World

I was walking near the Hofburg in Vienna, turned down a side street and came to a fairly smart-looking bar called the Maria Stube. I went inside and sat on a stool. Something nearly always happens in Vienna, so I waited. A plump, good-looking woman with furiously sad eyes leant over the counter and asked me what I wanted. 'What is good?' I asked. 'Nothing is good,' she said, 'all is sad. All is dust and ashes. There is no point in anything.' 'Oh,' I said. She looked in very good health and her cheeks were rosy. 'Are you Polish?' I asked. 'How did you know?' she said indignantly. 'I had a Polish friend in London,' I said, 'and that is how she talked. It is very charming.' 'Nothing is charming,' she said. 'What is good to drink?' I asked. She gave me some export Czech beer. While I drank, the pretty bar-lady told me of massacres, pogroms, terribly unhappy love, violent snowstorms, unbearable loneliness, and the final spectre of death. 'Charming,' I said, ordering another beer. 'You are very sympathetic,' she said, dimpling. Then a middle-aged man sat down beside me and ordered a brandy with water. Unfortunately I did not know he was French. I began telling him that it was my opinion that all French should immediately leave Algeria. 'If I had a pistol I would shoot you,' he said calmly, ordering another brandy and water. 'However, I can't afford a pistol. I work for a Scotch firm.'

A little later a blond man, young and plump, entered the bar and seated himself. He was dressed in a light, almost tropical-looking suit, and although it was November, wore sunglasses. His hair was close-cropped and fair. He moved about restlessly, looking at his watch, taking off and replacing his sun-glasses, jumping up and down on his stool, blowing his nose and making faces at himself in the mirror. He seemed like an animate bullet, suddenly arrested in motion. There was something or other I didn't like about him. I moved over to the stool next to him and he turned, taking off his sun glasses. He gave a small, short smile. It made him look very pleasant. 'You are English?' he asked me. 'Yes,' I said. 'I speak English,' he said. 'I am myself a Yugoslav. My mother and myself left the country. Hopeless, terrible.' He shrugged his shoulders. 'For some, perhaps good. For others like me, awful. No horizon. No fast cars, no beautiful women, no perfume, no gambling, no point. Here is my card.' He gave me a small card, and on it was printed Graf von Broli. 'Royal family,' he said. 'We owned castles, hunted, champagne duels and so on. Here we started again. Money is essential, no matter how. Soon we are rich again.' 'Excellent,' I said, 'how did you do it?' 'Old iron,' he said. 'We get all the old iron in Vienna. Now I have my dream come true.' 'Your dream?' 'Yes,' he said, 'come and see it.' He took me outside and pointed. Now I could see why he was like a bullet. It was a large, low, velvety, menacing red-and-cream sports car, glittering with dials and controls. It sat there in the road like a tiger. 'Better than girls,' he said. 'Certainly,' I said, 'no girl can go at 120 miles an hour.' He seemed pleased by the remark and invited me to have a drink.

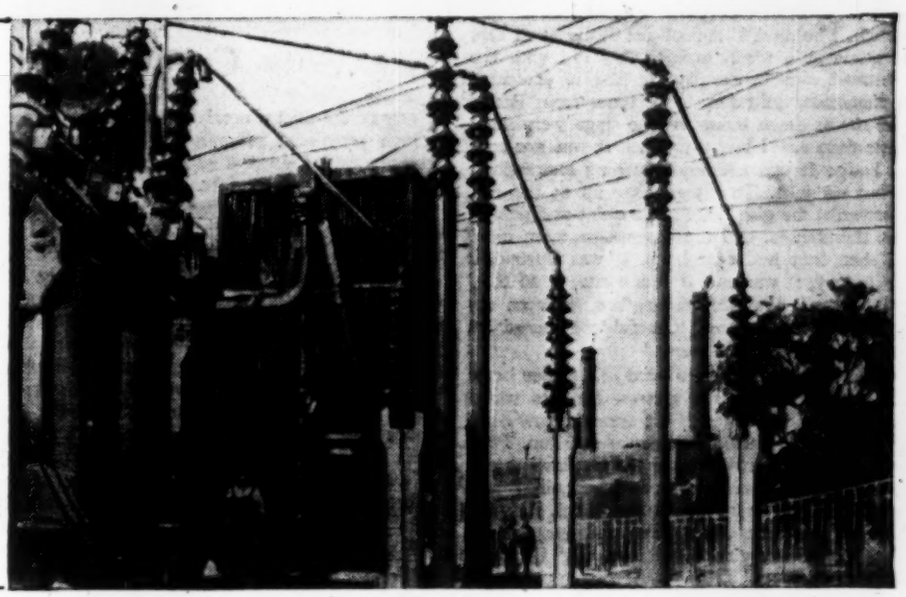
Once back in the bar, he took a huge wallet out of his pocket and produced about 30 photographs of nude girls. They were all quite beautiful and serious. Jan, the Graf, looked serious too, he had none of the English club look in his eyes, no nudge, no self-conscious twinkle. I could feel, through Jan, the temperature of love in Vienna. It was high. 'This girl is astonishing,' I said, pointing at one of them. She could obviously go a good deal faster that 120 miles an hour. 'She is Spanish,' said Jan and suddenly looked violently unhappy. 'She is the worst woman in the world.' 'The worst woman in the world,' cried the Frenchman, his eyes narrowing. 'Tell me about her. All about her.' 'I can't,' said Jan, 'she is unspeakable.' 'What did she do? Did she . . . ?' He said something rather unspeakable himself, but it sounded musical, at least in French. 'No. Nothing like that,' said Jan. 'She did not go with other men. That I could understand. She did not ask me for money. I do not go with such women. She is just the worst girl in the world.'

Both the Frenchman and I were enormously intrigued. There is nothing more attractive than the idea of irretrievable sin, no matter what anyone says. But the Yugoslav clapped on his sun glasses and said nothing. Finally he turned to me and said, 'Come for a spin round Vienna.' 'With pleasure,' I said. We went outside and got in the car. It purred, spat, and shot off with a roar. I had never been driven by a man like this. We squeezed through narrow streets at 50 miles an hour, screamed through the Hofburg, stopped dead, tip-toed, lunged between taxis, bicycles and pedestrians. Finally we came to a huge mound of road repairs. 'Vienna is full of this,' said Jan, 'half the roads of the city are up. It's the Socialists, local councils and so on. They do it to annoy and look busy. As a matter of fact, between ourselves, they're looking for an electric light cable somebody chopped in two about a year ago. It got covered up and nobody could remember where it was.' We backed, exploded and set off in another direction. 'What about stopping here for a drink?' asked Jan.

I looked up and saw an electric sign saying 'High Life'. We climbed upstairs and entered a long bar. On one side were steps leading down to a small stage and dance floor. Along the bar various sad, elderly men were draped near really quite beautiful women. 'They're sad,' said Jan, 'because they've bought the girls drinks. If it's not champagne at 600 schillings, they lose face and the girls lose face. But the girls don't like champagne, they like gin and understanding. It's a sort of unbroken rule that they never speak to the champagne men, except to say thank you.' We bought ourselves whisky and ignored the girls, except out of the corners of our eyes. Soon

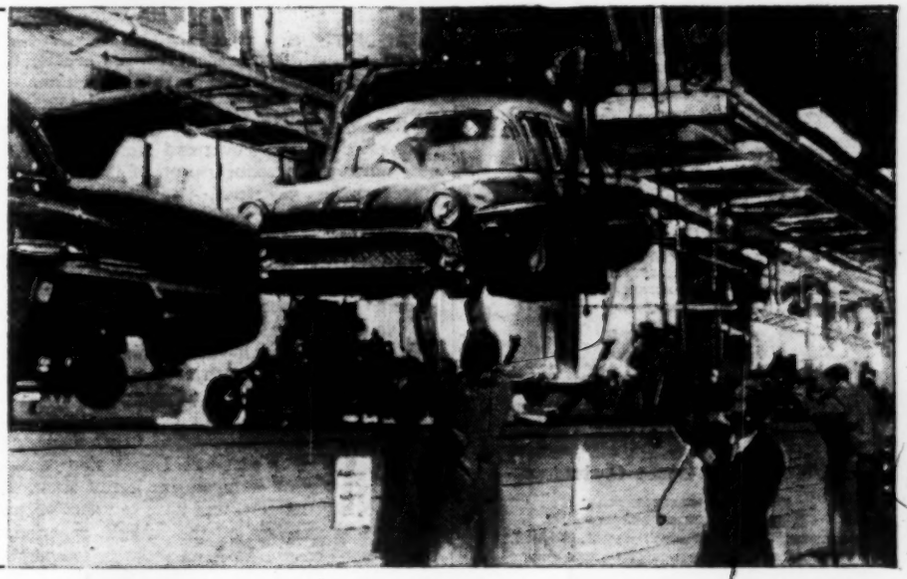
'ENGLISH ELECTRIC'

Through huge transformers such as this pulses the mighty power that will breathe life into factories many miles away—to turn the lathes, to work the presses, to drive the conveyors. More and more generating stations are being built to answer industry's urgent call for power; and ENGLISH ELECTRIC, by supplying both generating plant and distribution equipment for many of them—and by its great contribution to the atomic power station programme—is helping to meet the nation's need.



bringing you

A million motor vehicles rolled out of British factories last year—made by machines with the strength of giants, the precision of watchmakers. Only electricity could make this possible; for only electricity is at once so powerful, so adaptable and so precisely controlled. Serving the vehicle manufacturers, and prominent in every type of industrial activity, ENGLISH ELECTRIC supplies a great range of motors and control equipment to harness the power of electricity for everyone's benefit.



better living

The ENGLISH ELECTRIC Company Limited, Marconi House, Strand, London W.C.2

they came up, one after another, and hung around Jan. He was not very handsome, he was no champagne man, but he was serious about clothes and shoes and moods and scandals. Some of them sipped his whisky. I had told him that my father had, unaccountably, been a German Count, and he introduced me to every girl as the Graf von Carson, the English writer. The girls were German, Austrian, Catalan, Egyptian, Czech and French. The most beautiful girl in the High Life sat alone at a table, unattainably sad with the dreamiest eyes in the world. 'She is dreaming of diamonds,' said Jan, 'and comes from Bonn.' The shows down below on the stage were more erotic than any I had ever seen. It was not only the body: it was the hard, burning expressions. It was no joke. That was why, up at the bar, afterwards, the girls were more quiet and serious than debutantes, and the champagne men more sad than they had ever been. It was Europe, it was money, it was sad, it was a rite. 'I do this,' said one tall, beautiful girl to me, 'because my little brother has cancer.' 'Careful,' whispered Jan in my ear, 'that's champagne.'

Suddenly my friend quivered like a race horse and clapped on his sun glasses. He was white. I followed the direction of his eyes and saw a girl I thought I recognised. 'It's Rosa,' said Jan. Then I remembered the woman in the photograph and all my curiosity was aroused. 'I'm going,' said Jan. He walked straight out of the High Life and I never saw him again. Ten minutes later I edged up to the girl. 'Good evening,' I said in Spanish, 'you are Rosa.' 'How did you know?' she asked. 'I know your friend the Graf,' I said. 'The one who just walked out.' 'Oh,' she said, 'is he a friend of yours?' 'I have just met him,' I said. She laughed. 'Did he tell you about the iron?' 'Yes,' I said. 'The castles and the hunting?' I nodded. 'And his mother?' 'Yes,' I said, 'Then you're a fool," she said. 'He's the most dangerous man in the world.' I stood there. I wanted to go away, the bar felt very small, and Vienna was nearly off the map. I had learnt nothing. 'Will you have a drink?' I said. 'Why, yes,' she said, 'champagne.'

ANTHONY CARSON

'Great recordings of the Century'

Felix Weingartner
AND THE
Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra

Beethoven
THE "CHORAL" SYMPHONY
Soloists: LOUISE HELLETSGRUBER, ROSETTE ANDAY, GEORG MAIKL and RICHARD MAYR
(Recorded February, 1935)
SYMPHONY NO. 8 IN F
(Recorded February, 1936)
COLC27-8

Adolf Busch
AND THE
Adolf Busch Chamber Orchestra
Soloists: ADOLF BUSCH, *violin;* EVELYN ROTHWELL, *1st oboe;* AUBREY BRAIN, *1st horn;* FRANCIS BRADLEY, *2nd horn;* GEORGE ESKDALE, *trumpet;* MARCEL MOYSE, *flute;* RUDOLF SERKIN, *piano*
Bach
THE BRANDENBURG CONCERTOS
(Recorded October, 1935)
COLC13-14

COLUMBIA
(Regd. Trade Mark of Columbia Graphophone Co. Ltd.)
33⅓ R.P.M. LONG PLAYING RECORDS
E.M.I. RECORDS LIMITED 8-11 Great Castle Street, London, W.1

The Arts and Entertainment

Candlepower and Le Roi Soleil

MANY of the works, nearly all of which are from French provincial museums, in the excellently arranged exhibition of *The Age of Louis XIV* at Burlington House, are interesting, skilful, tasteful – and slightly absurd: absurd as Louis's remark to his own Academy is absurd, 'I entrust to you the most precious thing on earth – my fame'.

From a purely historical point of view, of course, no work of art is absurd; it is simply a piece of evidence. But most men do not look at the art of the past from a purely historical point of view. They look with their present responsibilities in mind. It is not our philistinism but a sense of continuity and human progress that makes us conscious of the absurdity. The present desperate eclecticism of taste is partly the result of disillusion. Given a positive belief in the future, one can afford to select more critically from the past.

I am not suggesting that one must make a wholesale moral condemnation of what *The Times* calls Louis's 'magnificent' despotism – although it is incidentally ironic to observe the different attitudes taken to two famous Personality Cults. Seventeenth-century France established the first modern, centralised, absolute state with all that that implies of progress from a medieval economy and culture. Yet we should not blind ourselves to the price paid for this advance: the directly human price, reflected, for instance, in the delight of the Parisian crowds at Louis's funeral, is outside the scope of this article; the cultural price is reflected in this exhibition.

Covering the century from 1615 to 1715, the exhibition begins with the French followers of Caravaggio such as Vouet and Nicolas Tournier, goes on to the baroque period of the 1630s and 40s, includes tapestries, sculpture, silver and paintings from Versailles, and ends with the effete posturing canvases of artists like Hyacinthe Rigaud, whilst excluding Watteau who transformed this effeteness into a bitter truth. It also contains masterpieces by Georges La Tour, the Le Nain brothers and Poussin. Some visitors may – sensibly enough – choose only to study the internal beauty and truth of these twenty or so great paintings. But the exhibition, apart from supplying a peep-show for eclectic connoisseurs and a runway for the nostalgia of all those who thrill to the glory that was Louis, also demonstrates a profound comparative lesson about the nature of art: namely, that taste can deceive, and that the profundity of the artist's experience, which just because he is an artist is inseparable from the way he expresses it, is the only lasting criterion.

The absurd works are never in bad taste. Indeed their absurdity lies partly in the contrast between their surface quality of style and their emotional emptiness. Time and again in this exhibition one sees how, when a painter is unfaithful to his experience in order to meet a conventional demand of the period's taste, his talents are betrayed. The tragic aspect of this is that the painter was probably quite unaware of his unfaithfulness.

Philippe de Champaigne would probably have been incredulous if he had been told that the classic severity of his portrait of *Mère Agnès*, abbess of the Convent of Port-Royal, can still move us – her podgy face and lumpy praying hands just withstanding the rhythmic uplift of her cowl and sleeves; whilst his *Ecce Homo*, equally severe stylistically, but unseen, contrived, looks to us now like something out of Madame Tussaud's – how do they do those droplets of blood?

It seems that in the period of individualist art – and the seventeenth century was the beginning of the period in which we still live, when there is a basic opposition between what is officially wanted and what the individual painter may discover on his own – the great artist has to protect himself by means of the severest self-knowledge. For Caravaggio such knowledge was desperate, for Poussin it was largely rational, for Rembrandt it was semi-mystical; it can take many different temperamental forms, but without it in some form, the artist is persuaded to become unfaithful to his own experience without even realising it.

Consider the early self-portrait of Simon Vouet. The turbulent, Caravaggesque light flickers across the turbulent face. It is not a great painting but it communicates because it has a natural unity. The turbulence of both style and vision perhaps derive in part from the same historical process of disturbance, expressed and created, among other things, by Copernicus's theory, the invention of the telescope and Galileo's contemporary struggles. Then consider his later and more baroque *Mary Magdalen*. It still just works, although no longer in the way he intended. The released, groundless, decorative energy of French baroque is eminently suitable for expressing sexuality: the seduction is its natural subject. And so in Vouet's *Magdalen* there is still a flicker of truth to experience. All religious conviction has gone. But she is still just conceivably a prostitute; maybe Moravia's *Woman of Rome* looks a little like this. Then finally consider Vouet's *Christ on the Cross*. It might be a painting of a memento from Lourdes. The unfaithfulness is complete; absurdity has begun.

Even Louis and Mathieu Le Nain were deceived. Mathieu paints a young soldier playing cards. His tousled hair, his young open face full as a Flemish girl's in the lamplight, his metal breast-plate, the coarse stuff of his tunic, all these are an integral part of the painted moment during which he flings his card on to the tavern table. But when Mathieu paints the *Visitation*, the dramatic embrace of the two figures and the conventions of holiness utterly contradict the humble method of painting and one is reminded of clumsy actors dressed up in painted sacks at a village Nativity Play.

Up to now the reader may suspect that I am simply arguing for naturalist subjects as against mythological ones. But of course I am not and (apart from the whole Renaissance) Poussin proves it. Judged by the narrow criteria of daily prose, nearly all Poussin's paintings are absurd. Venus soars on a flying trapeze and Aeneas wears a hat that would bring the Palladium down. Yet Poussin's classicism was willed not ordered, and as a

result the stage his figures walk upon is the field of his most profound experience. He painted formal gestures with (to reverse history) the same conviction as to their reality as Cézanne his apples. Compare Poussin to Le Brun, whom Colbert chose as Louis's dictator of the arts, and the distinction becomes clear. Poussin, like a great dancer, expresses all human potential by the movement and sequence of his figures; Le Brun, attempting the same thing, produces a farce that suggests policemen being suddenly called out from a fancy dress ball on to point duty.

Yet the most striking comparison of all in this striking exhibition is that between the nine canvases of Georges La Tour and the art of Versailles. La Tour's painting of a woman sitting by candlelight, her bare feet on the floor, a night robe round her shoulders, her hair tied up in a scarf, the nipple of her bare breast no more remarkable than a stud in the back of the red chair beside her, killing a flea between her thumbnails, achieves a dignity comparable to that of a Piero or Van Eyck; whilst the portrait of a mistress of Le Roi Soleil now strikes us as the equivalent of an advertisement for a sleeping beverage, with the unimportant difference that the taste to which it appealed was more sophisticated. Nor is this puritanism directed against pleasure. As Marx said in a different context:

> Criticism has torn away the imaginary flowers with which his chains were bedecked, not in order that man should wear his chains without the comfort of illusions, but that he may throw off the chains and pluck the living flowers.

Most critics emphasise La Tour's 'detachment', and certainly his early canvases, painted somewhat in the manner of Velasquez, of an emaciated St Jerome and a blind *Hurdy Gurdy Player* are lucidly objective. Yet I doubt whether detachment is the right word to apply to his later works in which he uses the simplifying flare and darkness of candlelight to give his figures monumentality. Within the sheer gold-yellow and copper-vermilion forms that make these figures look as though they are made of beaten metal (and the candle a welder's flame) like Gonzales's *Montserrat*, there is great, compressed emotion. Look, for example, at the hands. The hand of the child Christ against the candle-flame in Joseph's workshop – transparent as a leaf and childhood; Joseph's hands on the brace, like the feet of an ox; the hand of the woman who visits the Prisoner, just about to touch his head and baptise him with liberty; the hands of the Prisoner clenched together, like a flower that cannot open; the hands of the mother over the newborn child, like those of a master musician over a strange new instrument.

No, it is not detachment, but that disciplined severity which marks the essential self-knowledge I have already mentioned, and thus is also inevitably the characteristic of the greatest works in the individualist period of art. By being absolutely faithful to his own experience La Tour was able to transcend it – this is the only mystery in art – and so, when we look at his Prisoner, who for La Tour represented St Peter awaiting the angel, we can think, without the slightest incongruity, of Nazim Hikmet three hundred years later in a Turkish prison waiting for his wife.

> The days are shortening
> The rains are going to start.
> My doors, wide open, waited for you.
> Why are you so late?

JOHN BERGER

[Mr Berger now returns after taking a year off in order to write a book, during which time Mr David Sylvester has acted as our art critic.]

WHAT'S GOING ON THERE?

What has 1958 got up its sleeve for us; a shock or a promise? Another year of increasing tension and uncertainty like the last, or the dawn of a saner relationship between the two great power blocs?

What lesson has the Eisenhower Administration drawn from the recent insistence of its NATO allies on a fresh attempt at negotiations with Russia. Is the United States now going to concentrate merely on bigger and better missiles, or to rethink its diplomacy? Can Dulles survive the mounting criticism of his leadership? Can the Democrats unite around a clear alternative policy? Is the American economy in a trough or a tail spin? These are some of the questions to which we would like an answer from Washington.

For, if Russia is baffling, capricious and secretive, America too can be an enigma. Despite the daily torrent of press despatches about its life and politics, no country projects so confusing an image of itself upon the world. For as NEW STATESMAN *readers are aware, behind the contradictions and complacencies of its public life, there is a vigorous and intelligent society, sophisticated and aware, as restive as the rest of the free world at the mere reiteration of stale ideas.*

In THE REPORTER, America's great liberal fortnightly, this vigorous, critical tradition now finds its clearest and strongest voice. This is the paper that first exposed the China Lobby; that behaved like a wolf, not a rabbit, under McCarthy's hypnotic gaze; that never lost its head about Eisenhower.

THE REPORTER reflects the world, not merely an American projection of it, drawing on a wide circle of correspondents in this country, in Europe, in Asia and in Africa.

Its cartoons of politicians and diplomats have the wicked pungency of Vicky. Its satirical poet, SEC, is the only challenger to our own great tradition in the world. Its exploration of the intriguing new frontiers of social experiment in education and community affairs; its gay and incisive comments on everything from Faulkner to the new automobiles, have established THE REPORTER, in only nine years, as one of the most truly original and illuminating journals of the free world.

Ask your newsagent for a copy or post this order direct

THE REPORTER

2/- each fortnight

TRANSWORLD CIRCULATION COMPANY,
PARK ROYAL ROAD, LONDON, N.W.10

Please send THE REPORTER for
One year: 24 issues 56s. 0d.
Six months: 12 issues 28s. 0d. } post free

from (date) .....

Name .....

Address .....

.....

I enclose cheque or P.O./Send me a bill.

Bricks Without Straw

The Italian repertory is the bread-and-butter of almost every opera house in the world; and everywhere there is a similar problem of supply and demand. Popular audiences, more especially the young, having learnt their Italian opera in the original by way of radio and LP recordings, are increasingly reluctant to accept the glum compromise of translation, which often sounds as unreal as a foreign film with a dubbed soundtrack.

Faced by this new attitude of the opera-going public, and menaced by the rival attractions of the large-scale Italian seasons at the Stoll and (shortly) at Drury Lane, the Covent Garden management has shown itself wisely flexible in abandoning its original policy of rigid and total anglicisation. Guest performances of both German and Italian opera in the original are now sensibly scattered through the year instead of being concentrated within a month or two of high summer. Some of the German performances have been of outstanding quality; if the Italian revivals have been more uncertain, it is mainly for a reason that is the fault of no management, but the common despair of all – the world shortage of first-rate exponents of the Italian repertory. In the current Covent Garden revival of *Tosca*, a genuine star has been secured in the person of Richard Tucker, unquestionably one of the best Cavaradossis now before the public. His voice has not at present the silken smoothness and purity which were so entrancing at his appearances (with the then unknown Maria Callas) in *La Gioconda* in the Arena at Verona during the summer of 1947; it is now slightly less voluptuous and more prosaic, but an admirably solid and reliable instrument which he uses with a rare skill and taste. Except for Jussi Björling, now almost classifiable as a veteran, and Tagliavini when on his best behaviour, no contemporary tenor combines thrilling tone with musical feeling; if we insist on personal glamour as well the choice is narrowed to Mario del Monaco or Franco Corelli.

If the choice among tenors is not large, it is no larger among sopranos. Who are now the 'obvious' Toscas? Tebaldi, in temporary retirement owing to a family bereavement; Callas, busy singing half of *Norma* in Rome; Milanov, that admirable artist now no longer in her prime. After that, there comes a fairly steep decline into uncertainty and potluck; and I thought it at least a point in the management's favour that they preferred a young and personable soprano who is now beginning to make a name in Italy to some declining Nordic heavyweight. For Tosca – like Butterfly, Carmen and Manon – is one of those parts in which the demands of the eye cannot be safely ignored unless the singer is supremely gifted. Margherita Roberti, an American in spite of her name, started with great visual advantages, which she proceeded to throw away by an absurdly inappropriate choice of clothes: at her first entry, with poke bonnet and huge white bow all over the back of a hospital-blue dress, she looked like Miss Rheingold 1958 dressed up as the Quaker Girl. There was little trace of the imperious Roman prima donna of 1800 in this cute and roguish figure, whose tantrums could easily have been silenced, we felt, if only Cavaradossi had had the wits to produce a box of candy from his provision basket. Thus everything devolved on the voice, which was by no means weak but of a timbre rather too bright for the role, and on a style which hardly began to grapple with Puccini's character until the third act. This was a performance of some promise, but not one of international standard. Scipio Colombo has been heard here before as Scarpia: he gives a competent impersonation, but the harshness and lack of resonance in his voice precludes the proper effect of suave villainy. Alexander Gibson conducted, drawing from the orchestra a quality of tone which had too little depth and roundness; and the anonymous production has grown dreadfully slack and ineffective. If *Tosca* is to serve as a vehicle for further guest appearances (and there is a strong case for giving it a rest), both dramatically and musically it needs a thorough overhaul.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

Bread in the Beaune

WE'VE broken ourselves of many of our ancestors' more deplorable habits, like bear-baiting, fighting the French, and dunking bits of bread in our wine. But there are worse things you can do to bread, to say nothing of wine. Have we, for instance, cured ourselves of thinking it meritorious to eat it stale?

After all, bread is more than just a vehicle for pâté-de-foie-gras, or even peanut butter. It's an excellent food in itself. According to a recent report*, in the average diet, bread and flour provide more energy, more protein, more nicotinic acid, more iron and more Vitamin B_1, than any other single food. It is, say the pundits, tremendously nourishing. Meaning it's good for you.

As basic foods go, bread's the cheapest one going. In terms of food value per penny, it's the best you can get. A nutritional bargain, in fact.

So make sure your family eats plenty of bread every day—good and fresh.

*National Food Survey Committee Report, 1955 (Page 132) published by H.M.S.O.
In 1955, bread and flour provided, in the average diet, 26.5% of the energy; 27.8% of the protein; 25.5% of the nicotinic acid; 23.4% of the iron; 28.7% of the Vitamin B_1.

Note: All flour contains — per 100 grams of flour:
Nicotinic Acid — not less than 1.60 milligrams.
Iron — not less than 1.05 milligrams. Vitamin B_1 — not less than 0.24 milligrams.

ISSUED BY THE FLOUR ADVISORY BUREAU
21 ARLINGTON STREET, LONDON, S.W.1

Hard-won Prize

ATV's *The 64,000 Question* was surprisingly condemned to death this week, after emerging from a rather flat period, and after its question-master, Mr Robin Bailey, seemed to have settled into a graceful smoothness that must help to put contestants at their ease.

This programme reached one of its all-too-rare climaxes last Saturday, when the big prize was won by an expert on Burns, Mr Thomas Main. Though he had been completely master of his subject in the previous weeks, this homely middle-aged Scot was clearly not at ease during the final ordeal of the gruelling six-part question. In the harsh light of the sound-proof box, he seemed to be sweating freely; his mouth worked as he probed the recesses of memory; and his agony was made more real, and more moving, to viewers by several close-up 'reaction-shots' of his young son in the audience – staring with anxious concentration at his father, biting his lips, and at last, at the moment of triumph, dissolving in tears.

The censorious may feel that the exposure of human emotions, in this way and for these purposes, is indecent, but this quiz seems to me far less objectionable than some which are fortunately now dead or than one or two which survive. It does not degrade its participants by making them perform sub-infantile tricks. It pays a kind of homage to learning by requiring instead, if not intelligence, at least exhaustive knowledge. Moreover, although the sum at stake is large (£3,200), it was not so much the money as the sheer intensity of the effort that held one's attention.

No prize is offered for an answer to the almost blasphemous question, 'Is Humph a square?' – heard in the *Six-five Special* studio and provoked by a recent sharp attack on this programme by Mr Humphrey Lyttelton. As I mentioned briefly last week, this 'teen-agers' favourite is now to be challenged directly by *The Jack Jackson Show;* but I did not mean to imply that the appeal of the two is identical. Mr Jackson, to my regret, has been including more and more of the sort of song which makes any cat throw up. (I particularly detest the dreary yowling of 'Yew are my *spesh*-ul angel.') They do, however, overlap: Mr Glen Mason, for instance, has been appearing on both in the past two weeks and might convert some of the Six-five specialists to Jackson. Personally, knowing far less about the subject than Mr Lyttelton, I thought him unduly hard on *Six-five;* last Saturday it included Mr Dankworth (of whom Mr Lyttelton approves) and a version of 'Frankie and Johnnie' which quickly overcame my resistance to this hackneyed number. It was sung by Miss Rosemary Squires (who wore, for some reason, an academic gown and mortar-board), and contained such poignant lines as 'My, how those two cats did love!/They promised to dig each other/While the stars shone in heaven above . . .' and 'Why, poets like Byron and Shelley,/They would have dubbed this chick "the most" . . .'

To turn to a more serious production: I am afraid I do not altogether share the enthusiasm for the BBC's *Henry V* expressed by my most respected *confrères*. As there is only one Shakespeare play in this notable series, why did it have to be this shapeless and, in the main, boring one? If it was hoped that the memory of the Olivier film would attract a mass audience, that hope was offset by the lack of colour – here especially needed – and by the fact that this play happens to start with some long stretches of sedentary discussion. If, however, it had to be *Henry V*, I should have liked to see a more unconventional treatment, perhaps with modern, or 'timeless', dress: the costume that came over most effectively was the King's cloak in the scene in the camp by night – and this might almost have been a modern duffel-coat. It also suited well the sensitive, monkish face of John Neville, whose splendid delivery was worthy of this important occasion and of a production that was indeed – once my basic objections are out of the way – outstanding.

At least, thank goodness, we are now past Twelfth Night and out of the holiday season, with its welter of ghastly 'parties' and its numberless impersonations of Santa Claus – worst of all, perhaps, when he is a chorus-girl prancing in a bikini and a long white beard. From that season the only items remaining in mind are the delicate silhouette *Sleeping Beauty* of Lotte Reiniger – old friend of old friends of the Film Society – and some wonderful shots of baroque German churches, accompanied by the singing of the *Messiah;* also, on the Third, the 'horrrid clang' of Milton's *Ode* rendered with golden fire and majesty by Sir John Gielgud.

TOM DRIBERG

Fun at Home

ENGLISH funny films *are* beginning to look up, I thought, as I shook pleasantly before the spectacle of Terry-Thomas making shady, old-fashioned love to Joyce Grenfell in *Blue Murder at St Trinian's* – both being under the spell of a Continental trip. And not many afternoons later, in *The Naked Truth*, the same feeling recurred when Terry-Thomas – yes, again, but now an unstable peer threatened with exposure – crept in for the third time plastered with mud in the small hours, with a meticulous wife waiting. The affable crocodility of Terry-Thomas is obviously something we should have had more of in films long ago. But he is not the only heartening sign.

Launder and Gilliat's *Blue Murder at St Trinian's* (Gaumont) has more pace and sparkle than the first St Trinian's film, and I found it almost continuously funny: the English laugh tends to get caught in the plum in the mouth – as in *Barnacle Bill* – but here, I thought, it slipped by. Girls or ghouls this time have army and police out against them, rob a Ministry by a method made famous in *Rififi*, embark on a Continental tour whose chief object is to provide a bride for a Mediterranean prince. Besides Joyce Grenfell, who has a steady affair in the police force interrupted by Terry Thomas's Sloane Street wolfing, there is George Cole as a low impresario, in a garb somewhere between teddy boy's and French gamekeeper's. As usual he excels; no better sly comedian invades our screen – except Alastair Sim, who makes a regrettably brief appearance here as the late headmistress from behind bars.

The Naked Truth (Odeon) envisages the appearance here of a whisper or scandal mag.: not seriously, that would invite scorching satire, and this is mild farce. Mr Dennis Price is the – perhaps too – imperturbable editor, whose brief-case contains the dynamite of 'Pay me ten thousand, or I publish'. His victims include an MP who collapses while addressing the House, Terry-Thomas's dubious peer, a TV star in many guises (Peter Sellers), a square female detective-writer (Peggy Mount). Soon the plot to do away with Mr Price, who lives on a Chelsea Reach houseboat, is under way and in difficulties. The misadventures of the 'Micky Finn' or knock-out drug amused me at least; especially because it involved Miles Malleson as an engaged clergyman and Joan Sims as a backward daughter. This, in fact, directed by Mario Zampi, looks like a bit of good old Ealing.

Real old Ealing, but not so good, is *Davy* (Empire), which weaves a tale of a comedian at Collins's music-hall who has hopes of Covent Garden. This would be a sentimental flop, if it weren't that in the indispensable part is Harry Secombe, whom I found endearing.

The rest of the week's films take us east. *Her Crime Was Love* (Cinephone) is a disguised version of a Pushkin story, *The Station-Master*, with a good deal more drama injected, and the over-publicised Eva Bartok as his daughter. She doesn't make the most of her chances – which aren't many – but the old bear (Walter Richter) runs the gamut of Repertory, losing his daughter to the town, going after her to kill, being tricked by a bogus wedding, and going mad when she commits suicide. It's all, unevenly, enjoyable; also a bit mysterious, since this is a post-synchronised French version with English sub-titles made from, apparently, a Viennese film. *The Cold Heart* (Berkeley) is a vigorous fairy-tale about a young charcoal burner and the good and evil spirits of the wood and the folly, when you're given three wishes, of plumping for enviable possessions; but doesn't really give away its East-German origin till the final tableau of the roseate happiness of wood-hewing.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

'The Burrow', at Covent Garden

Kenneth Macmillan is a choreographer who attacks his work with intelligence and boldness. This is what gives all his ballets interest, whether they are successful or not; and certainly *The Burrow*, his new work for the Royal Ballet Company, is not a complete success, although by present-day standards it is well worth seeing. The trouble lies in its balance or form, which is based on the emotional tension of men and women hiding in a dirty, ill-lit room, waiting, we imagine, for freedom or death. Hysteria in the burrow is high pitched: it begins high and ends high, with variations of nervous ferment in between; but the result of so much tension is that there is no climax, the end rather falling away, instead of leaving us perched alarmingly on a precipice of panic.

The characters succeed nearly, but not quite. There is the jokey man, who conceals his feeling under a veneer of unfunny larking; there is the overwrought woman, who cannot bear any normal human manifestation; the outcast, self-absorbed. All these have excellent and original movement, while the *corps de ballet* weave in and out, desperate, ingenious, sexy. But best of all are the young lovers who cannot be alone. The girl, Lynn Seymour, is an especially beautiful dancer, having a warmer, more lusciously individual appeal than any young English girl I have seen in ballet since June Brae held the audience with her curiously penetrating femininity twenty years ago. Frank Martin's music goes from gloomy buzz to piping agony, suitably, but unsympathetically. Nicholas Georgiadis has designed a satisfactorily fascinating and sordid attic.

A. F.

Election—are we ready?

The Tory Government is tottering. That is the big news of the day. And it raises a number of searching questions for the Labour Party:

1. Is a General Election imminent?
2. Is Labour ready for it?
3. Has the leadership enough "fire in the belly" to win a resounding majority?
4. Is the rank-and-file of the Party in a confident, fighting mood?

The Daily Herald will answer these questions—and many more like them—next week. It will publish three fearless, up-to-the-minute articles on this vital theme.

The first, written by Francis Williams, will appear on Monday.

STARTING ON MONDAY in the

DAILY HERALD

Correspondence

BRITISH DOCUMENTARY

SIR,—With Harry Watt so right and so wrong all in one letter, someone must roll up his sleeves and prepare a counter-polemic.

Having been in documentary since 1936, and in particular throughout the ten years that Harry Watt has been in features (this is in no way intended as a sneer), I can confirm that almost every sentence in his letter is correct. Where he is mainly wrong is in the sentences he omitted to write, and in the consequent false conclusions from insufficient premises.

Pre-war British documentary was strong because it was a narrow stream, with a single objective—that of putting ordinary people and their affairs on the screen in an exciting way. This objective was so revolutionary in a medium up till then almost wholly devoted to make-believe (at least as far as the English-speaking world was concerned) that the limited output of British documentary films received not only the acclaim it deserved, but a largely legendary reputation as well. Take this matter of social conscience, for example. *Enough to Eat, Housing Problems* and *The Londoners* were splendid angry films, but the only sustained onslaught on social problems was made by the films about unemployment produced at Strand by Paul Rotha.

It was during the war that the stream burst out of the narrows. Ideas of using film not only for the dramatic presentation of reality to cinema audiences, but for teaching and informing all manner of specialised sections of the public—ideas which up till then had barely been formulated: G-B Instructional's *Secrets of Nature*, Strand's zoological series and the G.P.O.'s *How the Dial Works* were typical forerunners—suddenly became of tremendous importance. And at the same time as the stream split functionally into the production of many different kinds of films for many different audiences, it split geographically. It is all very well for Harry Watt to say that Canada, India and Australia have left us behind with their national film units, but he does not mention that these units, and others in the Commonwealth and outside it, were, in fact, pioneered by British documentary film-makers, above all, of course, by John Grierson.

From being a strong and narrow stream, post-war documentary became a vast delta—and it is yearly more difficult for the old hands, let alone for newcomers, to see where the main channels lie. There is no longer a coherent and tightly knit British documentary film movement to attract new and exciting minds; and though I deplore this as much as Harry Watt, as also I deplore the new concentration on film-making as a money-earning job rather than an art, I suggest that if more of the dedicated pioneers and their first pupils had concentrated each on defining and keeping open one of the main channels, the newcomers would have been given an inspiration to develop differently.

Yet again, with all due respect to Harry Watt's one producer of vision, Jimmy Carr (who, if I know him, will be feeling acutely embarrassed and be the first to agree with me), there are, even in England, still some triers. The Shell Film Unit remains unrivalled in its own particular field, and we have at British Transport and the National Coal Board units which, begging Harry Watt's pardon, are not supervised by fearsome public relations officers, but by old-fashioned documentary producers—however inadequate we may be.

I cannot in this letter completely survey the present documentary scene, with all its faults, and yet, I persist in believing, its still great potential. Last summer I used some 30,000 words in three lectures I gave on the subject in the Soviet Union, and still I was unsatisfied. Everything is too contradictory. I was not at Harrogate, though my friends who were there agree that it was abysmally dull. Yet even this festival did not commit Harry Watt's mistake of thinking that only the old kind of film for cinemas is a documentary, and of lumping all the others together and dismissing them as industrials. Instead, it placed the films in considered categories, according to their purposes and intended audiences.

I suggest to Harry Watt that he spend a couple of hours with me in a theatre, and I will show him from our own programme: documentaries for the cinema (which, just as in the old days, the cinemas do not want to show, and which Harrogate equally rejected), and then perhaps an issue of our cinemagazine, *Mining Review*, which has been distributed to cinemas once a month for over ten years now (it currently reaches 600 cinemas a month; could any of the old production units boast consistent distribution of that order?), and finally a selection of other films for different purposes outside and inside the coal industry, and we can discuss first whether we are all as impotent and dreary film-makers as he believes, and secondly how to solve the real problems of documentary production and distribution, which he did not really reach in his letter.

But best of all, of course, would be if he would come back and lend a hand to set things right himself.

DONALD ALEXANDER

Copyhold Farmhouse
Curridge, Berkshire

Drambuie

THE LIQUEUR

Drambuie

YOU PREFER

Drambuie

TO BE OFFERED

Drambuie

NOTICE TO QUIT

SIR,—In her excellent article Irene Barclay could not hope to include every form of Rent Act hardship. As those affecting tenants of rent-controlled property in slum districts are little known, may I add a few examples?

Nearly 50 per cent of the hundreds of landlords' notices of increased rent which I have handled have had to be returned because they overcharged the tenant. Not one tenant was independently aware that his landlord's figures might be wrong, and I hate to think how many are still unaware or are having their ignorance exploited.

It has proved quite beyond the powers of old and illiterate people to enter the defects in their houses under their proper headings on Form G. In some boroughs health inspectors have helped; but not in all, because the Act does not empower them to do so. The result is that many tenants will lose their right to repairs. Others are being asked by their landlords to waive those rights in return for a shilling or two off the increased rent. In one street, only one tenant dared to refuse this iniquitous request, so great is the fear of 'getting on the wrong side of the landlord' and of ultimate eviction. And while the danger of further decontrol exists, this fear cannot honestly be dispelled.

Where the landlord has already done some repairs, there are widespread reports of botching. Leaking roofs, patched up, have begun to leak again. On the other hand, tenants who in desperation did their own repairs (often at considerable expense) before the passing of the Act feel bitter now, and with reason: they get no compensation, and they have to begin paying the extra rent sooner than those of their neighbours, who let things slide and can now send in Form G and get the repairs done for them. Bitter, too, is the man whose house is scabrous from rising damp: he cannot even ask for this to be remedied, yet must still pay the extra rent.

I am glad that Mrs Barclay strongly criticises the decontrol of new tenancies. One effect of this is that a good landlord wanting to sell his property and to find alternative and equally secure accommodation for his tenants cannot now do so. As for the evicted, they will never know security again.

AUDREY HARVEY

14 The Mount, NW3

SIR,—Mrs Barclay's article is a welcome exposure of the disastrous effects of the Rent Act, 1957. But some of the examples she gives of the working of the Act are not entirely accurate, and might therefore mislead tenants and their advisers.

For instance, in the paragraph which deals with 'a dingy old-fashioned tenement house in Camden Town', the gross value is given as £70, and it is stated that there are three tenants in the house. Mrs Barclay goes on to say: 'In the present state of London's housing shortage these tenants would have no option but to pay, between them, almost anything the owner demanded. They could, however, delay the evil day by serving a series of forms G until every defect in the house had been remedied to their satisfaction'.

There is a double misconception here. If, as the author suggests, these tenants are decontrolled, the serving of Form G will avail them nothing. Form G (Notice by Tenant to Landlord of Defects of Repair) applies only in the case of tenancies remaining controlled, and cannot be used to postpone the evil day of eviction or the payment of an extortionate rent. The fact that the decontrolled tenant has no rights at all in the matter of repairs is one of the things which most makes a mockery of the avowed intention of the Act.

The tenants would, however, be saved by another provision of the Act which is not mentioned, provided all three were direct tenants of the landlord. Before any action could be taken under the Act the gross value of £70 would have to be divided between the three tenancies by agreement between the landlord and the tenants or in default of such agreement by a County Court decision. Such apportionment would certainly bring each below the decontrol limit, and therefore only the permitted rents for controlled tenancies could be charged. These might well show a considerable increase, but they would not be 'almost anything the owner demanded'. Anybody who has practical experience of the working of the Act in areas of London such as Camden Town will recognise this as a now familiar position in respect of houses in multiple occupation. The only case in which the effects outlined by Mrs Barclay could occur would be where one of the three occupants were the sole tenant of the landlord and had sub-let to the other two, and even then only the direct tenant would normally be affected.

GEOFFREY DRAIN

87 Fitzjohn's Avenue, NW3

MICE

SIR,—The *Manchester Guardian's* headline, 'Javanese Now Eat Mice', noted by Critic, is not surprising when it is considered that the word used for maize in Holland and other parts of Europe is *maïs*, pronounced 'mice' or something very close to it. It is probable that an Indonesian would use the Dutch pronunciation.

I first came upon this confusion when a young vegetarian Dutchman asked me: 'Do you eat mice in England?' Another Dutchman told me that during the war he was reduced to smoking dried mice and a Pole described how mattresses were stuffed with mice in his country. These statements surprised me at the time but understanding eventually dawned and I did not communicate with the press about any of these incidents.

Wye College
Near Ashford
Kent

ALLAN A. JACKSON

BRITAIN'S SUICIDE PACT

SIR,—What childish nonsense are we being asked to believe? As Leonard Woolf points out, when the US had a surplus of strength there were no negotiations; when she is in deficit, again no negotiations. It follows that negotiations and relative strength are uncorrelated. Next, when the US had a surplus in strength she did not attack, but, to use your term, she was benevolent. When the USSR has such a surplus, she also does not attack, but is benevolent. Indeed it is bluntly and publicly assumed that she will be kind enough to wait until the US is fully armed and ready to counter-attack. It follows that a surplus of strength on either side is not correlated with attack from that side. (The danger of a misinterpreted order, as Krushchev has pointed out correctly, is another matter, but misinterpretation is not restricted to one side only.) It follows that the outcry from the West that the USSR is about to reduce western civilisation to atom dust is empty, and must clearly reflect something other than what is suggested. Even the demand that the USSR show her sincerity for peace (in some unspecific way), before negotiations can take place, is clearly fake, since if any country or government realises the social devastation of war, it is the USSR, and if any country does not it is the US.

What then lies behind all this charge and countercharge, however sincerely believed? A comparison with our attitude to Hungary gives a first indication. Hungary is one of the strategic shields in a war which neither side contemplates; and here people say that the object of the USSR is simply to dominate Hungary. Now you see Britain forced into the position of being one of the strategic shields for the US. Why then don't we say that the US is out to dominate Britain? And all the other countries in which she seeks to establish bases? I am not saying this is conscious policy, since on such matters the Soviet Union is much more conscious than any capitalist power would be. I am referring only to objective process. Are there any other indications that this process is actually occurring? Since 1945, this and other countries have had American troops stationed on their territory. Now further bases are being conceded, with almost no control over the armaments that may be used. We have only just discovered that American planes have been flying over British territory with atom bombs. Economic domination, proceeding in parallel, is obvious from the replacement of the pound by the dollar in the financial world, and the joy with which our financial pundits hail any upward trend, however slight, of the pound *vis-à-vis* the dollar. Then there is the increasing part played by the US in the oil fields of the Middle East. Here is an underlying economic process going on in the capitalist sector of the world, and what else is it but the pressure of American finance imperialism?

Of course, what you and Leonard Woolf both say is correct, but it is the symptoms against which you are reacting. To the Soviet Union all this must be obvious, and her anxiety to be on good terms with Britain and other smaller states is on a par with her corresponding desire to remain friendly with the Arab states in the Middle East, because they alone are likely to want to call a halt to the pressure of American imperialism there.

HYMAN LEVY

20 Home Park Road, SW19

CONFESSIONS IN ULSTER

SIR,—On this subject I write as an Irishman, and I hope also as a Liberal; Mr Graham, as his name indicates, represents the plantationist colony for the protection of which the sub-province of Northern Ireland was tailored out of the historical province of Ulster, until the 16th century the most Irish part of Ireland. Mr Graham implies that Northern Ireland is racially one; in fact for every three persons in Northern Ireland two are of plantation stock and one is native Irish. Although the native stock predominate in wide areas of the western counties of Northern Ireland, these people were never consulted as to their incorporation into Northern Ireland, where they are to this day the objects of calculated and well-established discrimination. This fact is the root of the trouble in Northern Ireland, and it is for this reason that the dominant plantation element there maintain a very numerous, permanently armed, police force selected from personnel loyal to the Unionist regime.

The arrested men belong to the native stock and their real crime is to have challenged the regime, or to be suspected of having done so, for suspicion is enough to justify arrest. Mr Graham agrees with me that these men may well be put on trial for their lives on the strength of their 'confessions' to the RUC; though why they should thus incriminate themselves voluntarily is difficult to understand in these circumstances. The court and the jury that tries them will be drawn from their natural enemies, as will be the police who prosecute them. Moreover it is not impossible on current form that these young men, if brought to trial, will decline to recognise the court or to make a defence of any sort. By the time the trial takes place the physical evidence of maltreatment, if this has taken place, will probably have disappeared. The police will naturally contest such a charge, and they will be believed in such circumstances. I do not believe that it is possible for any one accused of challenging the 'constitutional position' in Northern Ireland by violent methods to receive a fair trial, human nature being what it is. It is for these reasons that I agree with you, sir, that an independent inquiry is urgently desirable. It is also for these reasons that Mr. Graham deprecates the proposal.

I join with Mr Graham in his dislike of lethal booby traps, although there is no evidence that any but armed men might be involved in them. Unfortunately during the last great war the booby trap has become as much the normal weapon of resistance movements as the nuclear bomb has become the standard armament of 'great' powers; the ethics of warfare are slipping badly. The men in question did not apparently confess to setting the trap, but of, allegedly, telephoning to the police about suspicious movement in its vicinity, something which even a Unionist might have done had he observed it. Their ultimate 'crime' is opposition to the Northern Ireland regime, whatever they may be charged with when, and if, they are brought to trial.

E. DORMAN O'GOWAN

Bellamont Forest
Cootehill, Co. Cavan

RECORD CLUBS

SIR,—I would like to congratulate Peter Heyworth on, what is to my mind, a very fair, detailed and accurate analysis of record clubs. There is, however, one particular point on which I must comment, I quote: 'At present they rely mainly on the recordings of foreign clubs and, to a lesser extent, on buying up recordings that the companies have deleted from their catalogues.'

I assume that he is referring to classical issues and in this respect I must point out that the World Record Club has never issued recordings deleted from the catalogues of other companies.

However, in order to assess the pros and cons of record clubs surely, their activities as a whole should be taken into account and here I would like to point out that WRC has been recording ever since its inception and its catalogue today includes more than 75 per cent of its own recorded material. In addition to a constantly increasing classical repertoire it contains a substantial number of works by such eminent light composers as Gershwin, Romberg, Arlen, Berlin and others. Also a series of children's records, recently judged by a leading national newspaper to be the best of their year.

An indication of the quality of these recordings may be gained from the fact that more than 90 per cent are selling at competitive prices in retail shops of the US and Canada, and in this respect WRC has earned many thousands of dollars.

I welcome the statements by Mr Lewis and Mr Thomas clarifying their policy with regard to periodicals accepting record clubs' advertising. I sincerely hope this attitude relates also to the distribution problems experienced by the smaller independent retail labels—of which this company is one through its 'Conquest' division.

NORMAN J. LONSDALE
Chairman

World Record Club
125 Edgware Road, W2

WINDOM'S WAY

SIR,—'Critic' describes the film *Windom's Way* as a play with an honest script by Jill Craigie.

In fairness to the American author, James Ramsay Ullman, ought 'Critic' not to have mentioned the fact that the film script faithfully follows the plot and preserves the spirit of the novel on which it is based?

A. D. PETERS

Savile Club, W1

28 PAGES of Bookhousing ideas....

in the Phoenix bookcase catalogue, free on request. Are you seeking a home for a collection of paperbacks? A cupboard or a bookcase, such as the Hold-All, with compartments for extra-large items (atlases, or folios, or the storage of paper)? A sectional system for a growing library? Or a case for a young person's room? It is surely in these pages. Our range is Britain's widest and most famous. Phoenix prices start at little more than £7 and you can see the whole display at our showroom.

Right: The Phoenix Hold-All in solid Oak or Nigerian Cedar has 3 glass-fronted adjustable shelves and extra deep compartments at either end.

The BSI Kite Mark on Phoenix-made bookcases is an impartial guarantee of their workmanship and durability.

Proprietors: Phoenix House Ltd.

POST TO PHOENIX

To: THE PHOENIX BOOKCASE GALLERY (Dept. 2), 36a St. Martin's Lane, Charing Cross, London, W.C.2. (TEM 0525.)
Without obligation please send me your illustrated Bookcase Catalogue.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

BOOKS IN GENERAL

Back to All That

Goodbye to All That first appeared in 1929. So did *All Quiet on the Western Front* and *Undertones of War*, while *Memoirs of an Infantry Officer* followed a year later: all in time to mould the minds of a generation of young men growing to maturity under the shadow of another war. We read them at school in horrified fascination, and learned to regard any form of war as a senseless and futile shambles, precipitated by criminals and conducted by fools, which no argument of 'national interest' could ever justify again. Uncritically we swallowed the arguments of Bertrand Russell and Beverley Nichols, Canon Sheppard and A. A. Milne, and it took Hitler six years of very hard work to persuade us that though death was a fearful thing, shamed life was still as hateful.

What impression does *Goodbye to All That**, pruned, polished and fortified, make on us now we have survived yet another world war? My own reaction was surprise. This is certainly not the diatribe, packed with horrors, that I seemed to remember. It is a dispassionate account of life seen with the clear eye and described by the penetrating voice of the *enfant terrible* – albeit an *enfant* with a most adult perception of the tragic and the absurd. Horrible things happen in war, but Mr Graves does not raise his voice in recounting them: he writes of his experiences in the trenches in the same cool, Attic tones as he does of the eccentricities of his family, the beastliness of life at Charterhouse, the absurdities of university teaching in Egypt or the waning delights of love in a cottage. At times we catch echoes almost of *Candide*. It is hard not to sympathise with the professional soldiers who found this outspoken and unorthodox young man a member of their mess. 'The blighter's never satisfied unless he's turning something upside down', one of them complained to Siegfried Sassoon. 'I actually heard him say that Homer was a woman!'; but his Commanding Officer, while declaring that he threw his tongue about a hell of a lot too much and that it was time he gave up reading Shakespeare and took to using soap and water, added 'I'm agreeably surprised to find that he isn't windy in the trenches'.

Graves certainly wasn't windy in the trenches. Like Sassoon he was a man of great natural courage and outstanding gifts of leadership, and – this is the second surprise on re-reading the book – one who *liked* army life and had an affection bordering on veneration for the regiment in which he served. He soaked himself in its traditions; he respected even the most bloody-minded of its senior officers, and he loved and understood its men. The security and comradeship which a good regiment provides made much of the war tolerable and even happy for him. Here was no whey-faced aesthete whining about discomfort, but a good soldier presenting a fair balance sheet of the splendours and miseries of military life. It is this that makes his ultimate judgment that the war was insane all the more worthy of respect. His cold, almost off-hand condemnation carries infinitely more weight than the hysteria of Remarque, the exaggerations of Barbusse or the odious jeerings of Céline.

It took nearly a dozen years for the great writers about that war to produce their books. That time has now passed since 1945, and what have we comparable? There are the novels of Mr Waugh, elaborate studies in social disintegration, but unlikely to shape the minds of a new generation in the way in which Graves and Sassoon shaped ours. There have been innumerable works of reporting and a few memorable if lurid novels: *The Young Lions, Look Down in Mercy, The Cruel Sea*. Whatever their merits, such books do not deserve mention in the same breath as *Goodbye to All That* or *Undertones of War*; for these latter were the work of poets, and it was the clearness of the poetic vision, the clinical precision of their use of words, which made their impact so telling. Sidney Keyes and Alun Lewis might have rivalled Graves and Blunden had they lived, and Dylan Thomas, had he been caught up more closely in the war, might have written something to surpass them both. But no such books were written. The Second World War was as poor in war literature as it was in war songs.

The explanation of this lies far deeper than in the accident that the men who might have written the books were not there, or were too old, or died too young. There is about the literature of the First World War an unrepeatable quality of disenchantment, stemming from the high hopes and selflessness with which that war began and the squalid horror into which it degenerated. The generation which fought in 1939-45 went into their war with no illusions at all, and the surprises in store for it were often pleasant ones – the discovery that campaigning might at times be almost agreeable, that boredom was an enemy more omnipresent than fear. Nor were any illusions about the war nurtured by civilians at home; and the anger of books about the First World War was directed not so much at the horrors of battle as at the nauseatingly false picture of the war which reigned in the civilian mind. 'Civilians talked a foreign language', writes Graves, 'and it was newspaper language. For a sensitive man life-or-death at the front was preferable to an England dominated by Northcliffe and Bottomley. It was not the least of the mercies of the Second World War that civilians showed no trace of the hysterical romanticism which flourished so rankly in 1914-18 as over-compensation for not sharing the ardours of battle. This time they *did* share the ardours of battle, and went about their lives in the real spirit of the battlefield: not of high endeavour, but of genuine comradeship, surprising endurance, and frequent, profane complaint. The main hardships, for soldiers and civilians alike, were those of deprivation – personal rather than material – and waiting. Danger and squalor when they came seldom lasted for more than a few weeks. The worst ordeals were suffered by those whose tasks were dangerous as well as boring: bomber-pilots, sailors, RE bomb-disposal squads; and even these experiences have been better interpreted to us through the film than through literature. Incidentally, has any war-book dissected the innate paradoxes of military obedience so subtly and mischievously as did *The Bridge over the River Kwai*?

Finally, the Second World War did not, as did the First, seem increasingly senseless and ill-conducted the longer it went on. One had doubts about bombing, grave doubts about unconditional surrender, but no doubts whatever that Nazism must be destroyed at virtually any cost. Fortunately the military techniques and resources were this time available to destroy it with comparatively little sacrifice of human life. Yet no nation went into the war with an enthusiasm comparable to that of 1914, when the youth of Europe, ardently convinced of the justice of their respective national causes, echoed Rupert Brooke's paean of thankfulness to the God who had matched them with the hour. There was nothing squalid or senseless about the battles of 1914. At Ypres was fought one of the greatest battles of all time, when division after division of young German reservists marched singing to their deaths at the hands of a slender line of British riflemen whose heroic stubbornness placed them, on the roll of national honour, far above their forefathers of Crécy and Waterloo. The following spring the British volunteers were to fling themselves no less ardently and uselessly against the German machine-guns at Neuve-Chapelle and Festubert. Conditions at the front were horrible, but as yet they were no more horrible than those which the British Army had suffered before in the Crimea, in the Peninsula, and in countless campaigns in Flanders itself. But the Battle of Loos was unmitigated and almost unprecedented disaster. There were not enough shells; the assaulting troops choked in their own gas-clouds; and the handling of the reserve divisions betrayed the full incompetence of the General Staff.

The British High Command resolved that such terrible incompetence should never recur, and it never did. Henceforward the artillery barrage was to be overwhelming; the staff-work would be meticulous, and reserves were piped to the front in a smoothly-flowing and inexhaustible stream. If in spite of this the German line still held, the sacrifices would not be in vain, it was felt, so long as the Germans were suffering more. A new General assumed command, one who possessed not only the ability to organize this new form of warfare but the granite self-confidence necessary if he was to accept the terrible responsibilities it involved; and in assessing Haig one must remember that in 1916 the Germans themselves could see no solution to the problem of trench-warfare except that of attrition. Falkenhayn was to throw his men against the defences of Verdun as heedlessly as Haig threw his against the heights of the Somme. The failure was not one of individuals, but of an entire era of military thought.

Military historians, using the grisly

* *Goodbye to All That*. By ROBERT GRAVES. *Cassell*. 21*s*.

measuring-rod of comparative casualties, can argue indefinitely whether the four-month agony of the Somme was a 'success'. The question seems irrelevant. By any standards it was a catastrophe. In those months of 1916 the whole nature of the war – and of War itself – changed. The army ceased to be a group of fighting units led by skilful and well-loved commanders. It became a huge, drab, anonymous organization which sucked in the men of the nation, processed them like hogs, and swept them along with the shrill approval of the popular press to a meaningless slaughter in conditions of unnatural horror such as no human being should ever have been asked to endure. In 1917 the French Army could endure it no longer, and the British share became even heavier. In the autumn of that dreadful year even the confidence of the High Command began to waver; and though the troops went doggedly on, their dull fatalism had little in common with the ardour of earlier years.

> Too long a sacrifice
> Can make a stone of the heart

– and in the work of Graves, of Blunden and Sassoon we can watch this petrification at work.

It took three years for the soldiers to solve the purely technical problems of trench warfare, and they failed largely because they could not see what is in retrospect so obvious – that the problem was not one of strategy, or of morale, but one of weapons and tactics. In 1918 the deadlock was at last resolved, and then it was almost too late. The price of this failure was enormous. It included not simply the disintegration of the Empires of Central Europe and the exhaustion of the democracies of the west, but the cynicism and despair of an entire generation and the collapse of a social structure which had endured for five hundred years. For some it was the collapse of a prison house, but the winds of liberty were to blow strange and chill. Mr Graves chose his title better than he knew. In the First World War Europe said goodbye to a very great deal. We have been trying ever since to make ourselves comfortable in the ruins.

MICHAEL HOWARD

Dismission

Farewell, young Muse! you've teased me long enough,
Promising lines and rimes you didn't furnish.
You claimed you had some public's ear as well.
You've pestered me to clip and file and burnish
But rust adorns, I find, and dust's the stuff.

You've lectured me on What and How and Why
Until there's not a theme I care to touch.
Artful and heartless, innocent and sly,
Go decorate some other poet's couch
Now all is almost over. Here! Goodbye!

Go wrench his sense and regulate his voice.
Tell him there's nothing left for verse to say
Though only you can find the way to say it.
Give him my greeting with your rates of pay
And do not let him know he has no choice.

I. A. RICHARDS

The Russian Merchants

Three Generations. Family Life in Russia 1845-1902. By VLADIMIR POLUNIN. *Leonard Hill. 27s.*

Vladimir Polunin was born in Moscow in 1880 and eventually found his way to Paris, where he became Diaghilev's scene painter, and to London, where he taught at the Slade. In this book he recalls only the Russian portion of his family's life and very much with the freedom of the novelist's memory. We see three generations of middle-class people who were shopkeepers or merchants in Kursk and Moscow in the gaiety of their youth in their later turns with fate. After twenty or thirty pages one is exclaiming at Russian genius for setting down the drift of daily life, the lazy flow of the imperfect. The gift is general; it is like the Irish power of talk. No wonder the great Russian novelists appeared in the nineteenth century; they were building on a national propensity. Vladimir Polunin had that free-running naturalness of seeing and expression which is very different from the precise, selective and trained simplicity of Western Europeans. He is never without the touch of nature and this aptitude appears to be based on a boundless passivity or relaxation, on tolerance and abeyance of the self. He is most himself when accepting others, and contemplating with humour and compassion the uncensured spectacle of human contradiction. Yet the whole is prevented from going mad or wild by a powerful sense of the domestic affections – in this one can see the strong imprint of a patriarchal inheritance – and by a natural decency and freedom from obsession. Russian realism, as Vladimir Polunin and his greater antecedents, the novelists, have seen it, is free of that note of intellectual accusation and semi-scientific hatred or extremism which was common among the French realists. The Russians were also reserved about sex. They appear therefore mature to us and charitable, if they are also slack, given to untidy sentiment and, rather monotonously, to nostalgia. It is as if (in the Russia of Polunin's period) people congratulated themselves on having the same feelings as everybody else and not on distinctiveness.

The Polunin family were originally fish merchants in Kursk. The sons were put to the trade by a despotic and honourable grandfather in the Eighteen-Fifties. We are back in a scene brutally yet idyllically sluggish and provincial, a land somewhat like the countryside of Oblomov's dream but also harsh and primitive. The story gradually gathers round a portrait of the author's gentle father who became prosperous enough to move to Moscow. There he brought up a large family in an old house near the Bolshoi Theatre. Their happiness was injured by the insanity of the mother; she sank into melancholia. The eldest son ran the family as best he could, for the father was at work; but everything went to ruin. The son quarrelled with his father over his resignation, his negligence, his weak benevolence to a swarm of hangers-on who begged from him and swindled this endlessly pitying and forgiving man. The boy, with his strict logic and hardness, was no doubt a portent of the brilliant generation that was to change Russian life utterly. The father's portrait is very affecting and on a large scale; but the lesser figures in the family and its circle are not drawn with less vividness. There is hardly a person who is not a novel in himself.

Many of the scenes in this long book will recall well-known scenes from the Russian novel and it is impossible to convey the richness of character and incident. But, in the early pages I would

JONATHAN CAPE

André Maurois

'One can only bow with respect before such professional mastery.' NEW STATESMAN

A Study of the Dumas Family
THREE MUSKETEERS *Illustrated, 35s.*

Turkestan Alive

New Travels in Chinese Central Asia
'He is exploring the outer dominion of Sinkiang, which we used to know as Chinese Turkestan . . . Well informed, discursive and persuasive.' THE TIMES
'Much more than just another travel book. It is a wonderfully perceptive account of the impact of a new civilization . . . the book certainly lives up to its title. I have seldom read anything so alive, moving or hopeful.' TRIBUNE
Illustrated, with two plates in colour, 25s.
BASIL DAVIDSON

Three novels
The Innocent Tenant

In a novel which won him the Grand Prix du Roman from the Académie Française, Mr. Guth romps his way through describing the difficulties of a young and ingenious bachelor in 'settling in' to a flat. 'He carries on this extravaganza with immense high spirits, and with a brilliant, wayward humour that makes *The Innocent Tenant* something more than simple farce.' T.L.S. *15s.*
PAUL GUTH

Love in a Hut

'An excellent first novel . . . It has all a well-tailored professional air and a sound knowledge of place and people.' TABLET *15s.*
JOHN SIBLY

Casino Royale

James Bond's first terrifying adventure has just been reissued. Ian Fleming (author of *Live and Let Die, From Russia, With Love*, etc.) has been described as 'the best new thriller writer since Ambler.' – try this and judge for yourself! *13s. 6d.*
IAN FLEMING

and don't forget
Major Thompson
and I PIERRE DANINOS

'Mr. Walter Goetz's amusing illustrations add greatly to the reader's enjoyment of a very funny book.' THE TIMES WEEKLY REVIEW *12s. 6d.*
all prices are net

draw the reader's attention, for example, to the wonderful account of the river picnic – wonderful because it is so moving, so funny, so responsive to changes of mood. The young people drift along, singing sentimental songs, histrionically tragic songs, vulgar songs. One moment they are entranced and in tears; the next they are rowdily slinging plates into the river and making the monks at a nearby monastery drunk. How well the drowsiness, moodiness and idleness of pleasure are conveyed. Polunin's gift is one of touch and tact. He does not impose opinions. (He has almost nothing to say about politics or social questions.) To take another example: the western European, I would say, sees his childhood decisively, as a period which has an end which can be more or less precisely fixed. He isolates it as a special subject. Polunin, on the other hand, is sensitive to mystery; we do not know exactly where that end is. Watching the monkey-man or the students, from the window of their sad, decaying house, the children 'had, as it were, a bird's-eye view of life and awaited the solution of its problems, explanation of its mysterious phenomena and a working of miracles. Though it was never our good fortune to find this solution nor to see any miracles, our faith in such a possibility long survived and only disappeared imperceptibly with the passage of time'. That word 'imperceptibly', in the context, speaks for a wholly self-effacing and truthful temperament which never imposes itself. This is often a pungent and merry book, it is often sardonic and tragic, but above all, it feels true and its wisdom comes out effortlessly. In memory the advantage is that time tells the tale and Vladimir Polunin has the modest art of seeming to put down his own pen and let time tell it. His book is delightful.

V. S. PRITCHETT

New Statesman:
'Mr. Brooks has a decided gift for characterisation... His leading persons are genuinely comic figures. He presents them with that affectionate, almost zoological sympathy which is an important part of the true novelist's equipment.'

The Water Carnival

15s

JEREMY BROOKS

Yorkshire Post:
'A satirical farce of really observed, really contemporary characters, not one of whom is "out of a book". All the "best" people will read it. In secret, of course.'

Manchester Guardian:
'A real find—adult and most entertaining.'

The Times:
'He writes after the manner of the young Mr. Powell. He is sophisticated, funny and something more, and what that something more is the novel reveals as it develops.'

EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE

Other Men's Minds

The Twice Born. By G. MORRIS CARSTAIRS. *Hogarth.* 30*s.*

The Trumpet Shall Sound. By PETER WORSLEY. *MacGibbon & Kee.* 25*s.*

Here are two unusually interesting anthropological studies. The first is an account of an intensive piece of field-work on high-caste Hindus. The second is a historical survey of the strange chiliastic or millenary 'Cargo Cults' of Melanesia. They illustrate very different methods of approach. Dr Carstairs, an eclectically pro-Freudian psychiatrist, applies his medical-psychological conceptions somewhat after the manner of Ruth Benedict, only more clinically and less gracefully. Mr Worsley writes about his Melanesian prophets from the standpoint of a broadly Marxian sociology. The general reader will get a lot of fascinating information from both of them.

The Twice Born is so packed with material that it reads rather hard like an overfilled pipe. Dr Carstairs returned to Rajasthan, where his childhood had been spent, in 1949. He practised medicine for two years in Deoli, a remote and only recently modernised community, held long conversations and interviews and collected thirty-seven case-histories, including three lengthy self-portraits complete with Rohrshach test results, of members of the three top castes, Brahmins, Rajputs and Banias. Some piquant contradictions are revealed. A Rajput, licensed to kill, drink, eat meat, keep concubines – all contrary to the Hindu religion it is his duty to defend – yet yearns after spirituality. Some Banias, though taught to prize wealth above everything, cherish notions of utmost non-violence. (Is there not an analogy here with the Quaker banker, combining puritanism with primitive accumulation?)

The impression of a neurotic pattern of culture, full of obsessional ideas with a great deal of underlying anxiety, is very marked. It struck Dr Carstairs so forcibly that after six months he began to have doubts whether his picture of high-caste Hindu personality structure – as compounded of so much 'paranoid suspiciousness, of egocentricity and reluctance to make other than superficial and transient relationships, of ever-shifting uncertainty together with a longing for stability and assurance' – might not be due to some form of self-projection. He was able to check by spending a couple of months with the genuinely uncivilised jungle-dwelling Bhils whom he found cheerfully uninhibited and full of zest.

Such sedulous precautions against subjectivism are typical of Dr Carstairs. Also typical of him is a certain reluctance to allow the reader to see the wood for the trees, coupled with sudden attacks of extreme caution; thus his chapter headed 'Summary and Conclusions' is only four pages long and consists mainly of explanations, and apologies for only having scratched the surface. Nevertheless, the human material which he provides is wonderfully rich and varied.

And in spite of his clinical approach, Dr Carstairs is well aware of more everyday aspects, what he nicely calls 'the quicksilver moods and the insistent boundless claims of Indian friendship', to which, as he points out, E. M. Forster has been so responsive. For all the stress his investigations place upon the infantilist, solipsistic aspect of Hinduism, there yet filters through an impression of its converse, that marvellous, contradiction-defying ingenuity that could intuit the void and introduce zero into mathematics.

The Cargo Cults, which form the subject of Mr Worsley's book, are a series of widespread sporadic movements in New Guinea and some of the islands, nationalist protests against colonial exploitation in which tribal ritual is oddly blended with bits of imported Christianity and white technology. The key, both to the cults and to Mr Worsley's way of thinking about them, is to be found in a sentence from his appendix: 'The essential rationality of Melanesian thought and action is shown . . . by the directional tendency of the movements, the transition from magical to political action'. He does not think there is much point in trying to explain them in terms of abnormal psychology.

The first manifestations took place in the eighteen-eighties. The first Cargo Cult proper – the Cargo being a magical bounteous shipload, often including rifles, which was going to be landed by ancestral spirits – dates from just after the end of the first world war. (Of the nature and extent of the exploitation at this period, and afterwards, Mr Worsley gives several cogent details.) The origin was a village in the Gulf of Papua, where a native named Evara prophesied the coming of a steamer carrying the spirits of dead ancestors on board, who would bring with them the Cargo. A prophecy of an aeroplane, which caused special concern because no aeroplane had yet been seen in this part of Papua, was eventually traced to the cover of a paper-backed thriller in Evara's possession. There were extensions of the Cults between the wars. A further stimulus was provided by the arrival of the Japanese – false liberation – followed by the Americans, whose Negro troops caused additional ideological complications. The most significant cult movements since the war seem to have been prompted by the opening up of the fertile valleys of the central Papuan Highlands. (On this operation, so idyllically pictured by press and travelogue, Mr Worsley throws a sinister light, representing it as prompted by the need for new labour supplies.) In more advanced areas, the Cults have subsided and their place has been taken by labour organizations.

Several of the myths formed by the Cultists are of an appealing and ingenious nature. A 'faded but martial portrait of George V' was displayed as 'Ihova Yesu-nu-ovaki: Jehovah, the younger brother of Jesus'. An apostle Paul claimed to be able to communicate direct with God by wireless. Imitation wireless sets with bamboo aerials and pumpkin receivers are common. The whole study, which is commendably thorough, is most significant for the insight it gives into the minds of primitive peoples coming into contact with modern civilisation.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

A Solipsist in Soho

Memoirs of a Public Baby. By PHILIP O'CONNOR. *Faber.* 18*s.*

To the statisticians of art the economy of the literary imagination must remain an impenetrable mystery. Who, meeting Mr Philip O'Connor in the snake-pits of Fitzrovia any time in the last 15 years, would have expected him to come through with an autobiography of this quality, the most excitingly literate personal confession that has appeared since Genet's *Journal d'un Voleur* – to which it bears an odd and poetic resemblance. Unlike Genet, Mr O'Connor is no tub-thumper. 'Misfits of the waterfront, unite!' is not his battle cry. Schizoid, alcoholic, Nietzschean, surrealist, Communist tramp, a Rousseau-esque sexual solitary and mental patient – he has been all

these things and more at one time or another. He is the physical embodiment of pure ego, faceless, motiveless, monolithic, exacting and devouring every ounce of affection and humanity ladled out to him – from a pot that he has managed to keep boiling steadily during forty-odd years of a life as sadly spent as it has been hyper-sensitively observed. The result, ably and compassionately introduced by Mr Stephen Spender, is now before us – no mere case-history but an alarming little masterpiece of a book, which chills and disarms in creepy alternation. 'One can take this book and leave it and then take it again', Mr Spender remarks cheerfully. He has a stronger constitution than mine. Personally, having read the book through at one absorbed sitting, I am going to bury it deep in a far recess and try to forget all about Mr O'Connor and his problems until the skies are warmer.

Most of the book is a long tracking-shot of his childhood: a feckless *gemütlich* mother who weaned him on Nestlés and chocolate liqueurs; a hard on-the-make elder sister who patronised him sexually and helped to foster his dreaminess and early tough abstraction from the world's game; a French peasant family whom he adored; his strange and corvine Uncle Haslam; and his guardian, the oddest creature of them all, a sham-hearty civil servant with a World War I gammy leg, who took him to live in a hut on a crest of the Surrey Alps and upon whom the small boy practised a perverted lifemanship that stood him in good stead when, much later on, he became one of the veteran mental torturers of Soho;

> A later addition to the hill were the Dewberries, an ageing – always ageing – schoolmaster and his wife, though eventually his wife collapsed to a place chronologically much further ahead than he; she wore brilliant kimonos, a whipped-cream drawl, eyes painted with exotic ennui, and had for intimates two monkeys who stank the hut out; 'Duckayee' she called them, and 'Biaybee' and 'Duhhling'; and they'd squeak and defæcate, and she was far too transcendent to notice this, or the smell. She liked me, sniffing an indrawn soul there, 'an interesting, dreamy little lad'; she didn't know, I had plotted in the hot nights, though I never actually achieved, the removal of her plain but volatile little daughter's drawers.

If life with the guardian was grim, school was a veritable St Trinian's, and here I can't help feeling that Mr O'Connor's hatchet-sharp perceptions lapses into a caricature of farce:

> Our headmaster was enamoured of his head, associating it (not to deny the correctness of it) with brains; he had strained it as far from its base moorings as was humanly possible, leaving his neck long and scraggy, with an Adam's apple for a holy office, to intercept passional reactions coming up. But, of course, as with such types generally, a most humid gloss of curiously rare, vaporous sexuality lay about him – a sort of astringent lubricant like Bay Rum – he was so nimble, so fetchingly darting, so quick and ceaseless, with the cold rendering of a stoat's heat.

And the upshot?

> Ethics taught at school, as all the world knows, have no application outside for anyone unwilling to be a passive employee-robot for the rest of his days, so that the connection between spirit, initiative and delinquency is logically a close one.

The book suffers seriously from a tremendous fore-shortening at the end; it is as if the writer had become so sickened with his own personality that he could hardly bear to prolong the record of it a moment longer. Cajoled or, alternately, dumped by his mother, bullied and cheated by his teachers, blackmailed into affection by his guardian, he plumbed the abysses of unhappiness later and it is wonderful that he should have emerged to write so brilliantly about the various Tophets he encountered. Though his book is strewn with class chips, the narrative itself is strangely timeless and detached. (It contains no trace of self pity.) This is the diary of a private face, with no Party tickets, evenings with Isherwood or first meetings with Mr Eliot to give us the monotonous compass bearings of the period.

Where will Mr O'Connor go from here? 'I see this book quite clearly', he writes in his postscript, 'as an attempt to worm my way into the graces – where that may be – and the heart of "society", and wherever *that* may be, in the depths of its potential existence'. He has certainly wormed his way into the ranks of first-class contemporary writers with this remarkable and haunting book.

JOHN RAYMOND

Pagan Paradise Lost

Collected Poems: Volume II. By ROY CAMPBELL. *Bodley Head.* 21s.

All but a few of these poems deal with the Spanish Civil War and Roy Campbell's antipathies: Communists, left-wing poets, humanitarians, and Jews. There is one beautiful early poem, *The Golden Shower*, which was lost at sea in 1926, recovered by a friend, and afterwards 'rewritten and overhauled . . . from stem to stern'. Campbell says: 'I have preserved both its mood and tense, written as it was in the pagan paradise of my childhood, boyhood and early manhood, while living as a hunter, a fisherman, and a whaler in the bush of Natal and Zululand, and on the Indian Ocean'. That world is quite lost in these

A SHORT HISTORY OF MODERN GREECE. 1821-1956

E. S. FORSTER

An account of the history of the Greek Kingdom from the War of Independence to the present day. This third edition has been revised and enlarged by Dr. Douglas Dakin of Birkbeck College, University of London. *18s*

AN ECONOMIC HISTORY OF EUROPE. 1760-1939

ARTHUR BIRNIE

For this seventh edition, the text has been thoroughly revised and an Epilogue added, indicating some of the economic tendencies which have manifested themselves in the years succeeding World War II. *21s*

Methuen

Erskine Caldwell

CERTAIN WOMEN

Seven variations on the eternal theme of love among the inhabitants of a dusty mid-American town. "Caldwell tells his tales with an easy colloquial style and a born story-teller's gift of making the reader want to know what happens next." *Time.* 15s.

S. J. Perelman

BITE ON THE BULLET

or Under the Spreading Atrophy

"The greatest humorist of the age." CLAUD COCKBURN. "I have only praise and thanks to offer Mr. Perelman." ALEX ATKINSON, *Truth.* "He is a humorist of the first order." *Sunday Times.* 16s.

HEINEMANN

★

Titoism

Pattern for International COMMUNISM

★

CHARLES P. McVICKER

'A scholarly and comprehensive account of the internal developments in Yugoslavia since 1945, through which Tito achieved this remarkable triumph over Stalinism. After a brief but useful chronological summary of events up to 1950, Mr. McVicker methodically analyses the structural changes which have been introduced in Yugoslavia since that date in a series of chapters on the federation itself, on de-centralization, and on the economic, agricultural, administrative, social and legal reforms.' —*Times Literary Supplement.*

36s.

MACMILLAN

later poems, crammed with the hatreds and spites of politics: the fine excess that made *The Golden Shower* beautiful is shorn of its fineness and becomes monotonously raucous. Boasts and vituperation – hardly to be distinguished from each other – roar on through the 118 pages of *Flowering Rifle*, with the desperation of a man who has failed to say the word he wanted to say. We are far away from the pagan paradise.

Yet that such rage and scorn could go on so long is extraordinary. We feel the poem will never stop, so insatiable is Campbell's hatred of the 'Wowsers' ('any kind of puritan killjoy, socialist and fabian, or pedant'). At last it seems to have no meaning; one no longer believes in the Wowsers; one is merely in a zone of rage, deafened, not enlightened. Yet from the blurb it seems that Campbell regarded *Flowering Rifle* as his 'masterwork'. In a footnote he claims that he 'is a better poet than Lorca'; he would not have been tempted to say that if Lorca had been on his side in the Spanish battle. The poem raises bias to a stupendous height, shows nothing but good on the one side and nothing but evil on the other: an endlessly exasperating epic which never comes to earth.

Satire brings us to earth, and its weapon is measure. Sometimes Campbell strikes or almost strikes the measure in *Flowering Rifle*:

> And 'Progress' is another way of trying
> To kill an invalid, to stop him dying,
> To rid the world of pain on the assumption
> That colds are cured by Galloping Consumption . . .
>
> Like rabid bloodhounds maddening men to slaughter
> Who blame their hydrophobia on the water . . .

But such passages, which in their context actually strike one by their moderation, are few.

Comparing *Flowering Rifle* and *Talking Bronco* with Campbell's early poetry, one has the feeling of looking on while the partisan and the man of action kill the poet. Campbell's name will live by such poems as *The Golden Shower* in this volume, and by a number of poems in the first. But it is sad to think of his journey from his pagan paradise to this rowdy corner of an inferno.

EDWIN MUIR

Caput Mundi

Frederick II of Hohenstaufen. By GEORGINA MASSON. *Secker & Warburg.* 35*s.*

Dante and the Idea of Rome. By CHARLES TILL DAVIS. *Oxford.* 30*s.*

For the Middle Ages, the symbol, the analogy, all that represented something other than itself, held a peculiar fascination. In a world where the rigours of a forbidding present were to some extent made bearable by the hope of salvation hereafter, it was natural to seize upon anything that might hint at heavenly joys to come. The most humble object might be made to yield some secret of the divine intention; spiritual or eschatological overtones were conferred upon natural and man-made phenomena alike. Everywhere were lessons to be learnt, symbols to be interpreted, and no symbols were more baffling to interpret than those suggested by the half-ruined buildings of Rome. Majestic, commanding, legend-encrusted, the city of Rome undoubtedly stood as a symbol – but as a symbol of what? Interpretations differed. Was Rome perhaps the symbol of imperial power, and hence the natural capital of a renovated, world-wide empire? Was it a representation of the heavenly city, typifying the union of all Christian peoples beneath a spiritual ruler? Or was it simply a wicked Babylon, whose destruction must precede the coming of Christ's kingdom?

The varying interpretations are important for the part they played in the political struggles of the Middle Ages. The endless conflict between Empire and Papacy was ideological as well as military and diplomatic, and in the ideological conflict an apt piece of symbolism could provide valuable ammunition. Just how valuable appears in a dramatic episode recounted by Miss Masson in her very readable life of the Emperor Frederick II. In the year 1240 a triumphant Emperor was advancing on the city of Rome, where the streets echoed with cries of *'Ecce Salvator, Ecce Imperator, Veniat Veniat Imperator!'* At this moment of crisis, when everything seemed lost, the aged Pope Gregory IX pointed to the sacred relics at that moment being carried in solemn procession, and called out to the crowd: *'These* are the antiquities of Rome, for whose sake your city is venerated'. For a moment, two concepts of Rome stood face to face. Either the antiquities of Rome were its ruined buildings, the relics of its imperial past; or they were the remains of saints and martyrs, symbols of its Christian present. Which concept would prevail – Emperor's or Pope's? Carried away by the papal fervour, the crowd forgot the Emperor it had been preparing to welcome, and declared to the Pope its willingness to take the cross in defence of Rome; the Christian, not the pagan, Rome, the living symbol of Christ's Church.

Rome, in Miss Masson's study, appears as the magnet of attraction for an Emperor, Italian by upbringing and temperament, who dreamt of a re-established Roman Empire, its centre not in Hohenstaufen Germany, but south of the Alps. She hints at the city's meaning for Frederick, without examining it very closely or subjecting his general aims and motives to detailed analysis. This is in keeping with her book as a whole, which provides a vivid panorama of the Emperor's life and times, from an Italian angle, rather than a close analysis of his career.

Mr Davis, on the other hand, is specifically concerned with the idea of Rome, some fifty years after Frederick's death, in a highly specialised study which makes few concessions to its readers. At first sight, his idea appears promising: to examine the origins and nature of the concept of Rome to be found in the works of Dante. Ideally, this might give a fresh approach not only to Dante but also to the various medieval attitudes to the city of Rome and to their role in the papal-imperial struggle. But in spite of Mr Davis's painstaking research, it is not clear that anything of great substance emerges from his labours. While new information is produced about the sources of Dante's idea of Rome, and differing views about Dante's meaning are examined, modified or elaborated, it is hard not to wonder at the end whether the results really justified a book. Mr Davis finds Dante's originality in a perfect fusion of the imperial and papal concepts of Rome, but to others it may seem less of a perfect fusion than a rather unsatisfactory confusion. Perhaps it is unwise to subject Dante's political thought to too close an investigation. Would the *Monarchia* have been remembered if its author had been anyone other than Dante? Mr Davis, finding affinities between the *Monarchia* and other controversial works of Dante's times, suggests that the *Monarchia* may not be as anachronistic, isolated and completely theoretical as is sometimes assumed. But the evidence he produces seems scarcely adequate to refute the assumption convincingly, and nothing can alter the fact that Dante was supporting a cause which had died with Frederick sixty years before. Frederick's failure had made it abundantly clear that Rome, the *urbs aurea*, would never become the capital of a restored Empire, a new world-monarchy. But the alluring vision lingered on, inspired by the crumbling ruins of the imperial city – the poignant reality that lay behind the symbol.

JOHN ELLIOTT

New Novels

The Bright Promise. By JOHN LUKENS. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

House of Lies. By FRANÇOISE MALLET-JORIS. *W. H. Allen.* 15*s.*

Greek Fire. By WINSTON GRAHAM. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Certain Women. By ERSKINE CALDWELL. *Heinemann.* 15*s.*

In England at present, we are publishing far more novels per annum than any other country. This means, of course, that we are publishing an enormous amount of muck; and that, in the dead seasons, a reviewer may be landed with a batch of novels that might never have been published at all, for all the good or the harm they do to anybody. Now, I have an idea that this is not altogether a bad thing. It seems to me probable that really good literature needs a great weight of other literature, or written words, beneath it, for it to have any real strength; and I suspect that if a country publishes very few novels, the number floating to the top is likely to be less impressive than the top level of a country which publishes too

HOGARTH PRESS

G. MORRIS CARSTAIRS

The Twice Born

A Study of a Community of High-Caste Hindus

'A fascinating book . . . though its aim is scientific, it belongs to the humanities . . . a serious study'
E. M. FORSTER

'Of major importance'
GEOFFREY GORER

'He has described vividly the life of Deoli—a kind of Hindu Milk Wood' *Observer*

PREFACE BY MARGARET MEAD
30s net

Remembrance of Things Past

A new illustrated edition of

PROUST'S

MASTERPIECE

12 volumes, each with 4 plates by PHILIPPE JULLIAN

12s 6d net each volume

CHATTO & WINDUS

much. In short, it is better to read any old rubbish than not to read at all. It is better to read the modern equivalent of Sexton Blake or Varney the Vampire, whatever that equivalent may be, than to gawp at comic strips. It is better to have a large reading public, no matter what it reads, than no reading public. A reader of tripe may just conceivably graduate to higher things; the reader of nothing whatsoever is never going to forsake the television set.

I am aware that the writer of any of the books listed above has by this time got his heart in his boots, if he is not one of those happy persons who not merely announces that he doesn't care what reviewers say, but genuinely doesn't. (I have actually known one such person.) Mine was not the kind of preamble calculated to usher in some burst of specialised enthusiasm. All the same, I do think we should be worse off, in England, if we had not published Mr Lukens, Mme Mallet-Joris, Messrs Graham and Erskine Caldwell. They are the salt in the Dead Sea which makes buoyancy possible, and some of them give pleasure.

Mr Lukens might give more, if he had not got it into his head that a book needs a gimmick. *The Bright Promise* has one of those absurd plots about a malign novelist who comes to 'know himself' through writing a book about somebody else. In this case small, hideous, warped Roger Cornwall becomes interested in a tragic family whose house he has acquired, and by a degree of brutal impertinence, quite foreign to my experience of novelists, worms out their secrets and sticks them in a book. Mr Lukens has a good deal of bright promise himself, but he will have to stop being a journalist. It is incredible that he should have such a serious attitude towards human beings, so much psychological insight, and then employ it on such a piece of nonsense. He *is* a novelist. Doesn't he know what novelists are like? Doesn't he know that, bad as they may be, they don't go creeping and snarling around into the lives of total strangers for the sake of 'copy'? – a singularly unsophisticated concept, this. ('Oh, Mr So-and-so, I'm sure you're going to put *me* into a book!' – he isn't.) Mr Lukens has a lot of talent, and he ought to make it work for him better.

Mme Mallet-Joris's first novel about Lesbians was so awful that I duck my head even now when I think about it. What astonishes me is that, in *House of Lies*, she should have written something so different and with so much wider a range. The reviewer on the jacket who announces that when we think of her we shall before long have to invoke the name of Balzac is excessive in his enthusiasms: at the moment, she is much more like the non-Maigret, more vitiated Simenon. Take a rich old brewer, his cast-off boozy mistress and his proud, ungrateful, illegitimate daughter, and you don't necessarily get Balzac. Goriots and Nucingens don't grow on every bush. But this is a spirited effort, in the gloomy old continental tradition of searing passions all among the ten-ton furniture, the rubber plants and the *épergnes*. Alberte isn't at all badly conceived, within modest Simenon limits, and Mme Mallet-Joris deserves a cheer for trying to write bolder and bigger.

I shan't say that *Greek Fire* is written with 'professionalism' or 'competence', as this would suggest that I put a premium on amateurishness and incompetence. (Some reviewers might do well to give some thought to antonyms.) This is an unexacting, workmanlike, blood-heat-and-no-more thriller about an American involved in Greek politics, and a bad, beautiful woman with a heart of plutonium. I should not respect it more if it were exacting and unworkmanlike. Mr Graham knows precisely what he means to do, which is, to produce rather thrilling well-composed stories for xenophiles who would resent sloppy writing. Happier than some novelists, he is able to carry out his intention exactly. Unlike most writers of his kind, he is somewhat casual with his backcloths, assuming too much in the reader's eye. He could really do with a little more of what is called 'atmosphere', a drop more retina, if you like.

Mr Erskine Caldwell's *Certain Women* is a series of seven stories, all set in a small town in the middle west; at the centre of each is some woman involved with love or its trimmings. Anneve has run away from her husband because she can't see the point of sex, but is soppily brought to reason by her mother. Clementine, who used to be a tart, is driven towards marriage with the madam's clerical protégé, and then finds that her past rears up in front of her like a pantechnicon in a cul-de-sac. Hilda is a good girl, but looks so sexy that she loses her reputation. Louellen cuts no ice with the local boys till she is sought by a commercial traveller. And so on. It is perfectly straightforward narrative, getting nobody anywhere: easy to read, and of no value when we have read it. What on earth has Mr Caldwell found to say that is *new* about Anneve, Clementine, Hilda, Louellen and the others? Absolutely nothing. It is all highly practised and all, mysteriously, a plod. Flat as your hat, flatter than that, as Kipling put it.

PAMELA HANSFORD JOHNSON

Princess Lieven

Arch Intriguer. By PRISCILLA ZAMOYSKA. *Heinemann.* 25*s.*

Countess Zamoyska has compressed the long and tortuous career of Madame de Lieven into a useful brief biography of 240 pages – not by any means an easy task! The restless social activity and political machinations of this famous Russian lady never flagged for nearly half a century (from 1813 when she arrived in England as Russian Ambassadress, to 1856 when she died an exile in Paris); and throughout that time she was an aristocratic figure of European magnitude, on intimate terms with everyone of importance, Emperors, Kings and Prime Ministers, and a tireless letter-writer as well. Ten volumes of her correspondence with various confidants have been printed; and there is a stack of unpublished material in the British Museum and elsewhere which Countess Zamoyska has been able to explore and exploit to advantage.

From her tremendous record of conquest (Czar Alexander I, Metternich, Castlereagh, Canning, George IV, the Duke of Wellington, Lord Grey, Lord Aberdeen, Guizot, Thiers, Louis Philippe, and so on, and so on) Madame de Lieven would appear to be the supreme practitioner in the art of making friends and influencing people. How did she worm her way into so many great men's confidence? In person she was tall, with chestnut curls and a long willowy neck, but not particularly beautiful; and at the height of her success she was well over forty. She did not disdain on occasion to make use of her physical appeal. Although she was more sentimental than sensual she had gratified the passions of lovers from every civilised nation. But she was less effective in bed than in conversation. That was her forte. In vulgar parlance she drew men out: they could not resist what old Talleyrand called 'the boldness and provocativeness of her questions,' even when they knew she was not to be trusted with the answers, which would all be transmitted to the Czar, or Prince Metternich, or the next man she sat next to at dinner. Indeed, her untrustworthiness was so dependable that it contributed to her success. She could be relied on to pass along any scrap of information divulged to her. And in the schemes of diplomats and politicians a never-failing secret transmitter like Madame de Lieven proved herself invaluable. The irony of her triumphs seems never to have dawned on her; that instead of manipulating the statesmen of the world to some splendid purpose, as she imagined, she was herself a handy pawn, being pushed forward as a gambit in someone else's very different game.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

Week-end Competition

Competition No. 1,454 Set by Emmanuel Burden

The usual prizes are offered for the first verse – or last verse and Envoi – of a Bellocian Ballade entitled *A Change in the Cabinet.* Entries by January 21.

Result of No. 1,451 Set by Barbara Smoker

The usual prizes are offered for an epitaph in four lines of verse on: a dead end, a drowned sorrow, a lost cause, eaten words, a stifled yawn, a stillborn venture, a demolished argument, an exploded superstition, a vanished waistline, or a conquered vice.

Report

Numerically, a good batch of entries, but the rate of mortality was high, less than ten per cent surviving the first elimination. All ten subjects were well represented, but the vanished waist-

Frederick II of Hohenstaufen
GEORGINA MASSON
"Miss Masson delineates a man upon whose like none would look again."—*Financial Times.* "The most magnificent misfit in history. . . . Miss Masson shows him to be worthy of his traditional title 'The Wonder of the World'."—*The Times.*
Illustrated. 35*s.*

Complete Works
NATHANAEL WEST
"He has freakishness, wit and a taste for the absurd. . . . He became comic and humane."—*New Statesman.* "It is not by reading 'For Whom the Bell Tolls' that the secret of the thirties can be discovered, but by reading and reflecting on West's 'Miss Lonelyhearts'."—*The Observer.* 25*s.*

Words for the Wind
THEODORE ROETHKE
"Surely one of America's most important poets —living or dead."—*Western Mail.* 15*s.*
Poetry Book Society Choice

The Keys of St. Peter
ROGER PEYREFITTE
"Absurdly and devastatingly funny."—*Manchester Guardian.* Second impression. 18*s.*

Secker & Warburg

line was by far the most popular. I liked Eileen Heywood's 'Beneath this surplus stone of me'; Rhoda Tuck Pook's 'What penance shall its faithless owner rack, Remorseful when the Fin Line ousts the Sack'; R. A. K. Wright's 'New inches gained, old litheness gone, 'Tis more than years that have rolled on'; and D. R. Peddy's 'Statistics all, though vital, thus must come, Unto the final silence of the tum'.

Many of the exploded superstitions and demolished arguments concerned nuclear warfare – *e.g.* R. Chamberfield's 'Force is a savage superstition, Exploded now by nuclear fission!' Most of the dead-enders, strangely enough, kept to the literal meaning (a concrete cul-de-sac) whereas I had the figurative in mind. Others merely mourned the end of something – and soon joined the majority – but one mourner of the end of the end of something has reached a final reward.

One guinea apiece to Michael Zeffertt, Rhoda Tuck Pook, Fitzjohn, and P. M.; half-guineas to Little Billee, J. A. Lindon, A., V. Langton, Tom Naisby and Renata Vincenti.

EPITAPH ON A CONQUERED VICE
[*d. 1st January*]

He served his master well throughout the year,
Then died a victim of Resolve Infection:
Yet rests content in patience and good cheer
Invoked by thoughts of certain resurrection.

MICHAEL ZEFFERTT

There is no winner in the smokers' war;
This vice deceased, although 'twas beaten sore,
Haunts me, its victor, to my bitter cost:
Life were more worth the living had I lost.

RHODA TUCK POOK

ON A DROWNED SORROW

Here, unbemoaned, my sorrow lies;
In gin I watched it drown.
I found my spirits would not rise
Till others were put down.

FITZJOHN

ON A VANISHED WAISTLINE

Within this mummy's bands securely laced
Lie hid the contours of a vanished waist.
The epitaph's not difficult to seek—eh?
—*Si monumentum*. . . well, just *circumspice!*

P. M.

Underneath this mound of flesh
A youthful waistline buried lies.
O passing stranger, pray be wise!
And plan thy dieting afresh.

LITTLE BILLEE

Ay, vanished from this rhymer—
Ring low, ye muffled chimes!
Shaped once like an egg-timer,
I'm now like what it times.

J. A. LINDON

Often I longed to slide my hands
Round her entrancing curve,
Now it has vanished, oh what luck
I never had the nerve.

A.

ON A STILLBORN VENTURE

Here lies my venture. Stillborn? Well, it could be,
You editorial judges must decide;
My critics all have argued that it would be –
Only your cheque can tell me if they lied.

V. LANGTON

ON EATEN WORDS

I spoke these words untested;
Nor time nor truth were meet.
I took them back, digested,
And never shall repeat.

TOM NAISBY

ON A DEAD END

Oh lend an ear and shed a tear all ye who pass hereby
Because the end of armaments does slumbering here lie.
At but a year it died of fear: come, let us mourn together
For the end is dead and armaments will now go on forever.

RENATA VINCENTI

SUN SPOTS
Favourites or Excitingly New
TRANSGLOBE
AIR HOLIDAYS
DIRECT FLIGHTS FROM LONDON
15 DAYS FULLY INCLUSIVE
A WHOLE FORTNIGHT in Europe's sunniest, most exciting resorts. Full board in good hotels and luxury coaches to and from airports.
DAY *FLIGHTS AT WEEKENDS*
Prices in £'s—NO High Season or other extras.

SPAIN	Costa Brava	£44. 0.0
MAJORCA	Palma	£46. 0.0
AUSTRIA	Igls above Innsbruck	£37.10.0
ITALY	Riccione	£48. 0.0
PORTUGAL	Figuiera da Foz	£54. 0.0
YUGOSLAVIA	Opatija	£51. 0.0
BOHEMIA	Prague	£47. 0.0

TRANSGLOBE
Dept. NS1, 80 FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.4
CITy 5541 *FLE 3404*

NEW WRITERS are wanted, but they don't grow on trees. And they are not ready-made.

Expert writers who are also teachers of experience are on the staff of the famous London School of Journalism, founded in 1919 under Lord Northcliffe. The LSJ Courses, always abreast of modern developments and trends, are given by correspondence to writers all over the world. The coaching is adapted to the interests and objects of each individual and no time limit is fixed. The courses are in Journalism, Story Writing, Free-Lance Journalism, Television Plays, Radio Plays, Literature, History, Poetry and Writing for Children.

The new edition of Writing for the Press is now available free on request to:—

PROSPECTUS OFFICE,
LONDON SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM,
19 Hertford Street, Park Lane,
London, W.1. GRO. 8250

YOUTH CAMPS and School Journey Centres

Ten Youth Camps and many Guest Houses available for organised parties of young people are in the Holiday Fellowship's youth programme for 1958. Experienced staff, good food, reasonable charges; over 40 years' experience go into every Fellowship holiday. The holidays are approved by the School Journey Association and many other bodies. Full details are in the free illustrated booklet YOUTH CAMPS from Schools and Youth Department,

THE HOLIDAY FELLOWSHIP
Room 25, 142 GREAT NORTH WAY, LONDON, N.W.4

UNREPEATABLE! LATEX FOAM
MATTRESS OFFER!
. . . and we really mean unrepeatable!
—Just compare these prices.
IN DE LUXE QUALITY DAMASK COVER, ALL 4" DEEP AND 6' 3" LONG.
3ft. wide **£11. 5.0**
4ft. wide **£13.10.0**
4ft. 6in. wide **£15.10.0**
In Blue, Green, Gold and Rose.
State second choice when ordering.
RIGHTWAY PRODUCTS
134, Common Garden Street, LANCASTER

City Lights

Well-balanced Repugnance

The City is puzzled as well as put out by the government's little local difficulties. Opinions are sharply divided, of course: is it worse to embarrass one's colleagues over a point of arithmetic at a critical moment or to back down on a well-publicised policy as soon as its consequences threaten to become unpopular? Most people, however, seem to have no very strong or decided feelings either way, partly because the issue is a difficult one on which it is hard to sympathise with either side, partly because it is not at all clear what really happened. The authorised version, that the late Chancellor wanted to keep down the cost of the estimates by slashing the social services and that his colleagues were unwilling to risk the results, has an obvious plausibility about it. Mr Thorneycroft was obviously filled with the Messianic spirit and may well have been in a blackmailing mood. It is just a year, moreover, since he demonstrated his willingness to cut welfare services and infuriate voters for the sake of making tax concessions to the oppressed managerial classes – the tax changes he made last April cost the budget £131m, nearly three times the present £50m.

But the City finds it difficult to believe that the trouble was caused by nothing more than a quarrel about arithmetic. If the estimates, for propaganda reasons, were to be kept at last year's figure, it would have been possible enough to find a temporary £50m of economies (real or apparent) without dismantling the social services. It is much more likely that there has been a Cabinet split about economic policy for some time, and the City finds support for this belief in the angry tone of Messrs Macmillan, Hailsham and Butler and in Mr Birch's claim that the 'Treasury ministers were out to win the battle of inflation and the others were not'. There is no obvious reason for supposing that Mr Macmillan or Mr Butler have much sympathy for the views of the Federal Reserve Board or even for those of Professor Robbins, still less for imagining that they would take kindly to Messianism. It seems more probable that everyone will feel more comfortable with Mr Thorneycroft out of the way – for a number of reasons, not least the approach of the election.

The City, for the moment, is reserving its judgment for sheer lack of evidence. But it realises that the affair may not yet be ended, it feels a fairly well-balanced repugnance for the attitudes of both sides, and it does not relish this further evidence of disunity in the Conservative Party.

* * *

Sterling has taken the shemozzle fairly well, weakening only slightly. Foreign opinion seems to be summed up in the words of the chairman of the German central bank – 'in view of the world position of sterling, I cannot imagine that the change at the UK Treasury will also mean a change in British monetary policy'. The pound, in fact, for all its encouraging burst of seasonal strength, can scarcely be left to look after itself. The gold reserve, despite the postponement of payments on the North American loans, rose by only $88m last month, and is still $100m short of its level at the end of July when the currency crisis blew up; at the same time, there has been another disappointing deficit with the European Payments Union. Sterling is normally strong at this time of the year. The need is to build up the reserve rapidly against the danger of another and

disastrous run on it in the late summer. To judge by what has happened so far, we shall have to rely entirely on normal commercial earnings for this build-up, and the sterling area as a whole will find it extremely difficult to increase its commercial earnings until President Eisenhower pulls his socks up.

* * *

The steel barons are tired of being good: *Industry and Society* has persuaded them to make a fight for it. Stewarts & Lloyds is apparently to be the standard-bearer – 'your directors feel it necessary to fight the issue of nationalisation; and if thereby and to that extent we become involved in politics it just cannot be helped' – and is asking shareholders for their backing in any counteraction the board thinks desirable. Other steel company chairmen – Dorman Long, Steel of Wales, United Steel – have made references, either belligerent or plaintive, to nationalisation. What they plan to do, apart perhaps from creating a new Mr Cube at the revenue's expense, is far from clear. Whatever they do seems likely finally to unite the Labour party on nationalisation.

For all the disastrous consequences of the nationalisation threat, the companies are beginning to collect the money they need for expansion. South Durham has arranged to borrow £22½m from the Finance Corporation for Industry, and the FCI – just as it would in the days of nationalisation – is demanding in exchange a cheap option over 20 per cent. of the company's equity. Colvilles has decided to issue a £6m debenture convertible into Ordinary during 1959-63, an issue which may not be helped to success by the change of Chancellors but offers the punter a reasonable gamble on the result of the next election.

TAURUS

The Chess Board

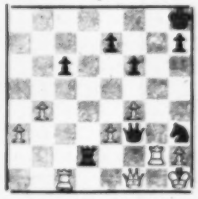
No. 426. When Smyslov refused a Draw

Of all the 22 games of the last title match the 17th is probably the most interesting. Golombek calls it the decisive one because it increased Smyslov's lead to 2 points; moreover, it would seem to have broken Botvinnik's fighting spirit for the rest of the match. It wasn't a particularly good game in its early stages, but it happened to turn out as one of the finest and most thrilling endgames ever played by Smyslov or indeed by any of the great masters of endgame technique. After 31 moves Black (Smyslov) had obtained the superior position, but the advantage was yet far from decisive. White should have played P-KKt4, with the idea of restraining Black from putting his K-side pawns on white squares, as he will soon do, thereby increasing the power of his Bishop. Instead, Botvinnik made the poor move (32) P-Kt3? needlessly saddling himself with a weakness on QB3.

. . . Kt-Q3; (33) K-Kt2? (P-Kt4!), P-R4!!; (34) K-R3, Kt-K5; (35) P-Kt4? (Kt-K1!) . P x P ch; (36) K x P, P-B4 ch; (37) K-R3, B-B3; (38) Kt-K1, K-Kt2; (39) Kt-Q3, Kt-B6! [One move before the time control (and with only two minutes to spare) Smyslov takes the plunge and secures his isolated passed P.] (40) Kt x Kt, P x Kt; (41) Kt-K1, K-R3; [With this sealed move Smyslov goes in for the attack on the doomed P, but Botvinnik could still have secured a draw if in the next few moves he had played P-R3 and left his K stubbornly at R3 rather than allowing the Black K to penetrate. As a matter of fact, during the adjournment Botvinnik's 'seconds' telephoned Golombek and Stahlberg (the umpires) to offer a draw. The offer was duly passed on to Smyslov's second (Bondarevsky) and politely rejected.] (42) Kt-B2, B-K2; (43) K-Kt3? (P-R3!), K-R4; (44) K-B3? K x P; (45) Kt-K1, P-Kt4; (46) P x P, K x P; (47) Kt-B2, B-Q3; (48) Kt-K1? (P-R3!), KR5; (49) Kt-B2, K-R6; (50) Kt-R1, K-R7; (51) K-B2, B-Kt6 ch; (52) K-B3, B-R5; (53) Kt-B2, K-Kt8; (54) K-K2, K-Kt7; (55) Kt-R1? (P-R4!); B-K2; (56) Kt-B2, K-Kt6; (57) Kt-K1, B-Q1; (58) Kt-B2, B-B3; (59) P-R3, B-K2; (60) P-Kt4, P-R5; (61) Kt-K1, B-Kt4; (62) Kt-B2, B-B3; (63) K-Q3 [*Zugzwang!*], K-B7; (64) Kt-R1, B-Q1; (65) Kt-B2, B-Kt4; (66) P-Kt5, B-Q1; (67) Kt-Kt4, B-Kt3; (68) Kt-B2, B-R4; (69) Kt-Kt4, K-K8; (70) resigns.

I took the notes from Golombek's *World Chess Championship* 1957, just published by *MacGibbon & Kee* (18s.). A most useful book because it doesn't merely give us the score of the games, lucidly annotated, but also an interesting assessment of the openings employed and a good deal of information on the personalities and the previous records of the two contestants.

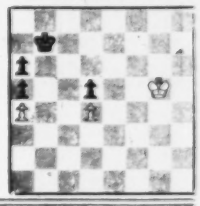
A: V. Smyslov 1946



The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position in which the champion, for once, was caught napping. Playing Black he was content with a draw by a perpetual Kt-check. How, instead, could he have forced the win? **B**, a draw (for 6 ladder-points), is one of the gems left by Smyslov's favourite composer. **C**, a win (for 7 points), is as subtle as any of Botvinnik's pieces. Usual prizes. Entries by 20 Jan.

B: Kubbel 1923

C: Botvininik 1939



REPORT on No. 422. Set 14 December.

A: (1) . . . Kt-K6; (2) P x Kt, Q x P ch; (3) K-R1, Q x B etc.
B: (1) Kt-Q2, K x Kt; (2) Kt-B4 ch, K-K7; (3) Kt-K3, K x Kt; (4) B-Q4 ch, K x B; (5) K-Kt2, K-K6; (6) K-B1 etc.
C: (1) K-B1! (K-B2?), B-K6 ch; (2) K-B2, P x P; (3) Kt-Q3! (Kt-B3?), P-Q5; (4) Kt-B5, P-Q6 ch; (5) Kt x P, B-B8; (6) Kt-B5 etc.
If (5) . . . B-B4; (6) Kt-B1 etc.

Well over a score of correct solutions. Prizes: E. A. Barclay-Smith, E. W. Carmichael, S. N. Collings, L. G. Kennion, W. T. Maccall, G. Roblin.

ASSIAC

2nd - 11th March

LEIPZIG FAIR

Technical Fair and Sample Fair

People who want to do business with the East; people who are interested in the markets of today but have an eye on the markets of tomorrow; people concerned with typewriters and textile machinery and accordions and atomic energy; people keen to meet the trade delegations of the Soviet Union and China . . . . . these are the people who are going to Leipzig Fair this year. **Are you one of them?**

There are favourable exchange rates—and KLM and SABENA offer convenient connections and through bookings. Tickets and information are available from leading Travel Agents, including all branches of Thos. Cook & Son. For full details of the Fair, apply to the Chambers of Commerce in Belfast, Edinburgh, Glasgow, or Newcastle, or to:

LEIPZIG FAIR AGENCY · Dept W2
127 OXFORD STREET · LONDON W1

UNIVERSITY CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE

B.Sc.(ECON.)

London University

The above Degree is *obtainable without residence*, and provides a valuable qualification for men and women seeking well-paid appointments in commerce or industry, government or municipal posts, or promotion in the teaching profession. Study for the Degree covers a course of wide and interesting reading. U.C.C., founded 1887, prepares students for the required examinations. Staff of highly qualified Tutors. Low fees; instalments. Courses are provided also for B.A., B.Sc., LL.B., B.D., and various other examinations.

★ PROSPECTUS may be had post free from Registrar,
70 BURLINGTON HOUSE, CAMBRIDGE

CONCLUSIVE EVIDENCE

Hi Fi, m'Lord, is a term used to discribe an exceptionally high standard of music reproduction, otherwise referred to as High Fidelity. If your Lordship pleases, I submit that the court adjourn to the premises of Messrs Alfred Imhof Ltd. to inquire into the matter in more detail. Further evidence may be witnessed in their comprehensive catalogue.

Ask also for details of their special Thursday evening Hi Fi Recitals.

IMHOFS

Alfred Imhof Limited, Dept. 91,
112-116 New Oxford Street
London, W.C.1 Museum 7878

READ

THE EASTERN ECONOMIST

Annual Number 1957

INDIA — CHINA : 1947-56

AT A GLANCE .....

★ POLITICAL PROLOGUE: an assessment of the international relations, with two different political philosophies.

★ ECONOMIC REVIEW: the conjectures of the Five-Year-Plans, and their impact on national economies.

★ CULTURAL EPILOGUE: an inter-relation of their culture and ideas, in light of present political and economic perspectives.

★ INDIA IN 1957: an economic review of the year.

PRICE RS. 7.50 nP.
Postage extra

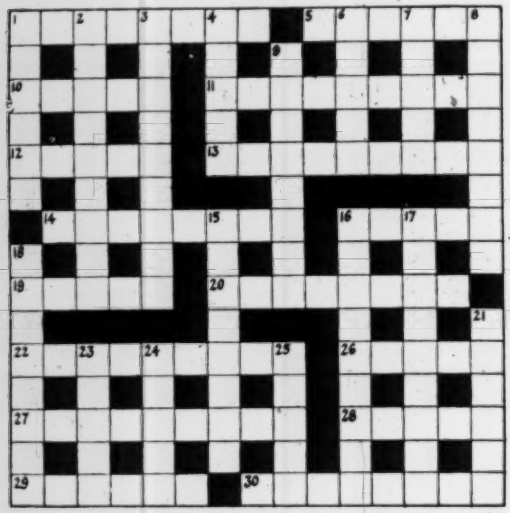
BOOK ORDERS WITH YOUR BOOKSELLERS OR WRITE TO:—

THE MANAGER
THE EASTERN ECONOMIST LTD.
52, JANPATH, NEW DELHI

OR HINDUSTAN TIMES HOUSE, SALISBURY COURT, LONDON, E.C.4.

Week-end Crossword 285

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 285, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post on 21 Jan.



ACROSS

1. People who achieve a moderate standard in metal-work? (8).
5. An animal to worry (6).
10. Fruit of the Antigua variety (5).
11. A politician introduces it into a novelist (9).
12. Tools for debauchees (5).
13. Impasse for a wife past her best (9).
14. Carriage which gives one a painful expression in the nude (8).
16. Force to hold without the Nazis (5).
19. Draw lots without beginning to give a share (5).
20. Means of removing or producing rabbits? (8).
22. God returns after a sinner embraces the church (9).
26. This track would do for a rowing event if there were a snake at the start (5).
27. Weapons they may give a damn for in the ranks (9).
28. Becomes acquainted with sporting occasions (5).
29. Industrious creature in retiring song (6).
30. Goes from one country to another at aircraft speeds? (8).

DOWN

1. Potentially great love poet (6).
2. Vote against a dance for coloured people (9).
3. Excitement mainly took charge of the game (9).
4. Drink for a king (5).
6. 'Where thro' the long-drawn —— and fretted vault' (Gray) (5).
7. With love she might become one (5).
8. Released and possibly almost delivered (8).
9. Something binding with sport at the centre (8).
15. It is consistent and without her there would be nothing in the money (8).
16. He doesn't do a full day's work, but he has to give up the gin if he turns up (9).
17. One way in which man caters for a religious rite (9).
18. Boos have distracted the cast which is just about to cry (8).
21. 'In courts, at ——, and high solemnities' (Milton) (6).
23. Friendly are these islands (5).
24. Half of them got to know an insect (5).
25. Political thinker among those who will ask intelligent questions (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 283

S	A	L	U	T	A	T	I	O	N	S		O
	E	H	I		L		T	S		B		
E	N	F	O	R	C	E	D		A	L	E	R	T
	I		L	K	S		T	A		U		
S	I	N	C	E	R	E	S	T		E	A	S	E	S
T				T		E		S	O		E	
E	S	C	A	P	E	S		R	U	M	A	N	I	A
P		A	E					A		A		N		
S	O	L	V	E	R	S		P	I	N	E	L	O	G
I		E		P		U		I				L		
S	E	N	D	S		S	E	T	S	Q	U	A	R	E
T		D		H		P		C		U		L		
E	R	A	T	O		E	T	H	I	O	P	I	A	
R		R		W		C		E		T		B		
S			S	A	T	U	R	N	A	L	I	A	N	

(Christmas message: *Setsquare sends Statesman Solvers Sincerest Seasonal Salutations*)

PRIZEWINNERS TO NO. 283

David Jones (Oxford), Leslie Ball (Middleton), E. Ward (Cardiff)

HOLIDAY TRAVEL

AIR HOLIDAYS

SOUTHERN SPAIN. Fifteen day holiday visiting Madrid and coach tour to Cordoba, Seville, Malaga, Granada, Murcia, Alicante, Valencia. By air to Madrid or Saragossa either from London or, with extra charge of 4 gns. only, direct from Manchester ..... Inclusive cost 50gns

AUSTRIAN TYROL. A fortnight at a newly-built hotel in a village overlooking Innsbruck or at Mayrhofen in the lovely Zillertal. By air to Munich or Innsbruck. ..... Inclusive cost from 36½gns

YUGOSLAV COAST. Two weeks at Lovran, near Opatija. By air to Graz with private coach connection to Lovran ..... Inclusive cost 46gns

LIDO DI JESOLO. On the Italian Adriatic. A wonderful centre with extensive sandy beaches. Air to Innsbruck, with private coach connection direct to Lido di Jesolo .... Inclusive cost 44½gns

COACH TOUR OF PORTUGAL. Vigo, Santiago de Compostela, Oporto, Lisbon, Leiria, with many excursions, including Sintra, Fatima and Nazare, covered by the tour charge .. Inclusive cost 53½gns

COSTA BRAVA AND MAJORCA. You can choose a fortnight at beautiful El Estartit on the Costa Brava (flying to Perpignan) or a week at Soller on Majorca and a week at Lloret, Costa Brava (air to Palma and on to Barcelona) ..... Inclusive cost from 39gns

CITIES OF ITALY. A 15-day tour covering Pisa, Rome, Florence and Venice, with private coach travel. Air to Pisa ..... Inclusive cost 58gns

ITALIAN RIVIERA. A two week holiday at Laigueglia, a charming coastal resort near Alassio. Flights to Nice either from London or direct from Manchester for 4gns extra ..... Inclusive cost 42½gns

DALMATIAN COAST CRUISE. By air to Graz, then by coach to Rijeka and the Dalmatian cruise, staying at Split, Orebic and incomparable Dubrovnik ..... Inclusive cost 59gns

SPANISH COAST. A fortnight at a hotel right on the sands at our new 'discovery' – Castro Urdiales ..... Inclusive cost 38gns

All charges include air travel & a full fortnight's hotel residence and board.

Brochure from:

WINGS LIMITED,
48a Park Rd., Baker St., London, NW1.
Tel: AMB. 1001.

JOIN our Easter Tour to Rome, air/coach, 29 March to 8 April, £39 all in. Summer Tours: by air to Palma, Norway, Vienna. Best value. Helicon Club, 154 Westbourne Grove, W11. (2d. stamp.)

FRENCH Riviera, Camping 1958. Tents & small chalets on the seashore. Board if required. Early inquiries and details of inexpensive holidays on the Côte d'Azur from Campers Continental Services, Suite 9, Evelyn House, 62 Oxford Street, London, W1.

WHY not try a different holiday this year? Send for our list of interesting and out-of-the-ordinary holidays. Holiday Services, 25 Wormwood Street, EC2.

HOLIDAY TRAVEL—continued

INTERESTING HOLIDAYS

Our illustrated booklet with a variety of inexpensive Continental party suggestions by rail or air, and our special leaflets, 'Individual Holidays on the Continent' and 'Holidays in Britain', will provide the answer to your 1958 holiday problem. Costs from 8gns in Britain, from 23½gns abroad (12 nights at the resort), and from 43½gns by Charter Air to Italy (14 nights at the resort).

ERNA LOW
47 (NS) Old Brompton Road,
London, SW7
KEN. 0911 and 9225.

RELAX IN THE SUN
on the
ISLANDS OF THE
MEDITERRANEAN

A light-hearted holiday – sailing, water ski-ing, diving and dancing – with the CLUB MEDITERRANEE OF PARIS 139 Kensington High St, London, W8. Wes. 1517 (entrance in Wrights Lane).

OFF THE BEATEN TRACK
IN 1958

We have planned a series of unusual holidays with a spice of adventure about them. We shall be pleased to send a copy of our illustrated programme to people seeking unconventional holidays.

A FEW EXAMPLES

Exploring the Dalmatian islands or Spanish coast by Fishing Boat . . . Canoeing on the Danube . . . Walking tours in the Julian Alps and Karawanken . . . Climbing in the Tyrol and Switzerland . . . Unconventional sight-seeing tours in Sicily, Greece, etc. . . . Walking the 'King's Trail' through Arctic Lapland . . . Holiday Centres in Savoy & Slovenia . . . To Macedonia.

RAMBLERS'
ASSOCIATION SERVICES, LTD.,
48(a) Park Rd, NW1. AMB. 1001.

IF YOU LIKE THE SOUND

and smell of trans-continental travel, join me in a double Easter adventure to Rome and Athens for 17 days. By train, boat, plane and caique. Please ask for facts and figures. Laurence Ray, Dept. D/2, OLYMPIC TOURS, LTD, 25 South Molton St, London, W1. MAYfair 4049.

PORTUGAL, Poland, Turkey, Czechoslovakia. H. F. S., 48 Dalston Lane, E8.

GREECE, the Islands, Italy and Turkey, 19 days Greek holiday from 62gns. Many other interesting tours and cruises. Send for broch., or tel.: J. R. Antoniades, Ltd., Bevis Marks House, EC3 AVE. 5611 (3 lines).

FOOD AND DRINK

GREAT Wall Chinese Restaurant, 33 Oxford St, W1, GERrard 4713, for the best Chinese food in London. Parties catered for in our Dragon Gate Banqueting Room. Exquisite Chinese handicrafts, brocades, etc. from our ground floor boutique.

EVERY Sunday joint will be just as good on Monday with Rayner's Indian Mango Chutney – from all good grocers.

FOOD AND DRINK—continued

FOUND! An easy-to-make snack; simply spread Burgess's Anchovy paste on buttered toast. Delicious.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

FURNISHED large bed/sit. rm, twin beds, H.C. basin, close buses & tube NW2. Suit prof. or bus. persons. WIL. 5221.

FURN. 2 rooms & kitchen for prof. woman. Overlookg. Osterley Park, 35 mins. fown. 5½ gns. & heating. Box 7358.

WTD, 2-6 mths, girl share flat NW3 (2 others), own bedroom. 55s. Box 7414.

ACCOMMODATION offered St John's Wood mod. block, in bachelor's flat. Use of (Kosher) kitchen, etc. Box 7386.

ARTIST'S house Highgate, 3-rm furn. flat, conven. situated. Suit 2 or 3 friends. Musicians welcome. 6 gns. Box 7428.

WELL-furn. div.-rm., use tel., bath, ckg. facs. Gentleman only. 45s. MAI. 1093.

ATTRACTIVE bed-sitting rooms. Hanover Gate, Regents Park. AMB. 3320.

TO let: furn. flatlet, sep. kit., gas stove, h. & c. Crouch End. FIT. 0773.

LARGE divan-room, priv. house. Suit lady, or two to share. FRE 7911.

NICELY furn. B/S room in comf. house, 5 mins Hendon Central Stn. HEN. 7977.

PUTNEY. Attractively furn. divan room for business lady, full size electric kitchen, large garden, £2 10s. p.w. Put. 3395.

FABULOUS Wimbledon Park lge. ground-flr. bed-sitter, h. & c., ckg facs. Suit woman teacher/student. Phone WIM. 6350.

W9. Homely, reas. well-furn. accom. Every conven. Suit bus. girl. Box 7439.

NEWLY furn. contemp. dbl. div. rm and k/dinette, H. & C., use b. HEN. 6437.

DIVAN Room, good size, in pleasant flat, full-size cooker. £2 5s. 2 mins. Kilburn Stn. (Bakerloo Line), buses and shops. WIL. 1637.

LGE. pleas. divan sit.-rm. 8 mins. E. Finchley Tube. Ckg facs. Mod. gas fire. Baths, linen, etc. 45s. p.w. TUD. 0423.

GIRL, 25, seeks another to share attractive furnished flat, Kensington. Own room. £15 monthly. Box 7427.

KENSINGTON. Luxurious furn. house, 3 bedrooms, 2 reception rooms, kit. & bath. Frig. 15gns. GER. 0594.

RENT-free furn. b/sit. in attic offered exch. for 1-2 hours' daily light domestic help. Dulwich. Box 6351.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

MARRIED Couple. Grammar school-teachers require unf. flat April, earlier. S. or N.W. London. Box 7221.

A YOUNG Japanese correspondent seeks a single furnished room with an English family. London area. Yagisawa, Room 216, The Times, Printing House Square, EC4.

A SWEDISH Student (male, 22 years old) seeks a furnished flat or room in London (Kensington, Hampstead or Bloomsbury) from 1 February. Willingly to divide the flat with one, two or three other English or foreign students. Please answer to Box 7277.

YNG woman, cultured, considerate, quiet son 6, sks room/s., ckg facs, NW3, 8, 2, 5 or nr. Mut. baby-sitting. Box 7352.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED—continued

CIVIL Servant (m.) reqs furn./unf. flat min. 2/3 rms, kit., bath. Box 7402.

UNFURN. flat 2½ to 3 rooms wanted by retired f. teacher, NW6, 3, 8, W9. Gr. or 1st, fl., quiet. Reasonable rent. M.H., 179 Goldhurst Terrace, NW6.

TWO Travel-weary professional women seek s/c furnished flat in Central London. 2 B/S., kitchen-dining, & bath. Box 7372.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

'DEFENCE and the English-Speaking Role', by Sir Norman Angell. The author of 'The Great Illusion' turns his logical mind to problems of defence in the nuclear age. Cloth 10s. 6d. Paper back 3s. 6d. Out 29 Jan. Order now from your bookseller or (plus 9d. or 5d. postage) from Pall Mall Press, 123 Pall Mall, SW1.

'A CASE for Optimism' on peace prospects posed by D. N. Pritt, QC, in the January Labour Monthly. Also: 'Where Does Labour Stand Now?' (Councillor E. A. C. Roberts); 'Diary of a Sputnik' (Dogwatch); and Palme Dutt's Notes on Unilateralism, Neutralism, etc. Post free 1s. 8d., or half yearly (envelope rate) 10s., Dept. NS, 134 Ballard's Lane, London, N.3.

'THE Humanist' is the journal of Scientific Humanism (monthly 1s., p.a. 14s.). Spec. copy, 'Living with Reality,' and Bertrand Russell's 'Faith of a Rationalist,' free. RPA, 40 Drury Lane, WC2.

MAN'S World now contains a 32-page Male Art Photography Supplement. 1s. 6d. monthly from all newsagents.

WORLD affairs, economics, socialism, Russia, communism: books/pamps bought. The Hammersmith Bkshp, W6. RIV. 6807.

GERMAN books bought & sold. Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., NW8. MAI. 3030.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

MISS Padbury's Bureau for offset litho printing and duplicating, typing, etc. 22 South Molton St., W1. MAYfair 2070.

COMPETENT Typewriting Service. MSS, Theses, etc. Mod. terms. MAI. 2659.

FAULTLESS Typing for the discriminating writer. Highly recommended by famous authors. Novels, plays, poetry, etc., Editing by expd writer, Dorothy Shirley, 138 Green Lane, Edgware, Middx. STO. 6020.

EXPERT Dupg/Typg Theses, MSS, plays. Miss Stone, 446 Strand. TEM. 5984.

WE type from recorded tapes. MSS, bus./priv. letters. Same day collec./deliv. London – or by post. Hire/sell tape recorders. Tape Typing. WEL. 5643, MON. 4107.

FOR rapid & reliable duplicating & typing reports, theses, references, etc. Abbey Secretarial Bureau, 4 Victoria Street, SW1. ABB. 3722. Rush jobs.

ALL Types of Typewriting and Duplicating done directly. MSS., Plays, Scripts, Short Stories, etc. Speed is the keynote of our efficient, faultless, inexpensive service. Colinad Co., Ltd., 117 City Rd, EC1. CLE. 9637 (5 doors from Old St Tube Stn).

JEAN McDougall for typing, translations, 24-hour duplication service, 31 Kensington Church St, London, W8. WES. 5809.

CHIPPENDALE & Partners, 40 Poland St, W1. GERrard 2835-6. Specialist typists for MSS, theses, plays, scripts, etc. Duplicating, translations, tape transcriptions.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

MARKET RESEARCH

A young lady aged 16 to 20 is required to train for an interesting clerical job in connection with surveys in the domestic electric appliance field. Common-sense and a good personality are needed and G.C.E. at 'O' level in Maths. is essential. 5-day week. Good canteen facilities. Apply with full particulars to

Assistant Personnel Officer,
Hotpoint Electric Appliance Co., Ltd,
Crown House, Aldwych, WC2.

THE BRITISH Society for Research in Agricultural Engineering require Graduate Assistants to make abstracts in clear English from several foreign languages including German. Some knowledge of science, engineering or agriculture desirable. Salary scale £595–£1,050. Starting salary according to age, qualifications and experience. Appl. forms from Secy, N.I.A.E., Wrest Park, Silsoe, Beds.

ST. GABRIEL'S College, Cormont Road, London, SE5. Required for September 1958, (I) a Lecturer (man or woman) with qualifications in the sociology of childhood to help in the Education Department. This is a new post which offers scope for field work with students and children. (II) A Lecturer (man or woman) for Junior School Education. Preference will be given to applicants with experience of work in both Junior and Secondary Modern schools. One of these posts may carry with it the status of Senior Lecturer. Applications, together with the names and addresses of two referees, should reach the Principal by 14 February.

ADMINISTRATIVE Assistant required for social work with Anglo-Egyptian expellees at Kidderminster Hostel. Experience in case work desirable. Salary £450 approx. Accommodation available. Applications immediately to National Council of Social Service, 26 Bedford Square, London, WC1.

LEEDS Council of Social Service. Family Caseworker required to take charge of department. Social Science qualifications and experience in supervision of students. Salary in accordance with A.G. & F.C.W. scales. Further details from General Secretary, Kirkgate House, Church Row, Leeds, 2.

QUEEN Elizabeth Hospital for Children, Hackney Road, London E2. Certified Almoner (as Assistant) required. Whitley Council scale and conditions viz £505 to £605 p.a. plus London Weighting. Applic. with names of two referees to Group Sec.

ADMINISTRATIVE County of Wilts. Applications invited from women holding the Home Office Certificate in Child Care and/or a Social Science Diploma for post of Child Care Officer; salary within A.P.T.I. scale (£575 × £30 to £725). Application forms with full details from Clerk of the Council, County Hall, Trowbridge, returnable by 17 February, 1958.

WANTED, part-time Organising Secretary for Educational Work; hours and salary by arrangement; good educational standard reqd. Reply giving age, full particulars of education and exper. to Nottingham Marriage Guidance Council, 61, Derby Rd, Nottingham.

CHILDREN'S club leader, woman, two or three evenings per week, 5-7 p.m., West London. Able to organise games and other activities. Apply Box 7373.

ARTS & Crafts. Creative workers in modelling, painting, pottery, weaving and dyeing interested in, and able to pass on skills to Junior Children, are invited to join a team of workers helping intelligent children in emotional difficulties. Residence available. Apply to Principal, Adlestrop Park, Near Moreton-in-Marsh, Gloucestershire.

SAFFRON Walden, Essex. Teacher required May or Sept. for 5-7 group co-ed. boarding and day school, 60 children. Residential post. 41 miles London. 15 miles Cambridge. Burnham scale. Apply Miss J. Barrie, Junior House School, Saffron Walden.

ASSISTANT master required for general subjects, boys aged 9-11. Term commencing next week. Please write fully. Box 7422.

EXECUTIVE Assistant required by expanding Travel agency. Excellent opportunity for advancement. Graduate preferred, must be under 30, prepared take responsibility, initiative. Starting salary according qualifications from £500-£750. Written applications, Box A.61, Press & General, 10 Welbeck St, W1.

PERSONAL Assistant to Managing Director required, age 25-35. Good education. Interested in Home Trade Marketing as well as Export. Will travel periodically in UK. Enthusiasm and readiness to take responsibility essential. Good prospects. Apply Box 7334.

WOMAN graduate required by Merchant Bankers for Research Department. Work would primarily involve extracting and arranging of economic and investment material. Please write stating age, experience and qualifications to Box DE/92, c/o 95 Bishopsgate, EC2.

PERSONAL Assistant to owner of retail business of good standing. Congenial position for capable conscientious woman. Good English, typing & figure work essential. State age & details of career. Box 7396.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

BBC requires Chief Agricultural Officer in Birmingham. Responsibility for agricultural broadcasting is vested in Midland Region and the Officer will work direct to Controller, Midland Region, in matters of policy and liaison, and to Head of Midland Regional Programmes in matters of programme production. Will be required to undertake the general direction of the whole of the BBC's farming and horticultural broadcasts in Home Sound and Television broadcasting, and to exercise consultative and advisory functions in respect of Overseas agricultural broadcasting. Will have agricultural and horticultural production staff in Birmingham under his direct control (including those concerned with the television programme 'Farming') as well as the London section of the Agricultural unit. A successful candidate must have necessary professional qualifications in agriculture and up-to-date practical farming experience to equip him to give authoritative and balanced direction to the BBC's farming output, as well as to command the confidence of the agricultural community as a whole. Salary £1,830 rising by five annual increments to £2,285 p.a. max. Possibility of appointment at a higher salary for an exceptionally qualified candidate. Requests for appl. forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting ref. G.470 N.Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

BRITISH Council requires Assistant in Book Reviews Department, London, to assist in selection of books and other publications (general and/or scientific) for distribution to overseas reviewers. Candidates must be graduates, desirably with experience on the editorial side of journalism and/or publishing. Starting salary up to £655, rising to £1,050 (women somewhat less, but will reach equal pay in 1961). Pension Scheme. Apply Personnel Department, 65 Davies Street, London, W1. Quote D1(58). Closing date 24 January.

SECRETARY/assistant reqd by Gen. Sec., Town & Country Planning Assn, 28 King St, WC2. Age 20/35 approx. Good starting salary, increase after 3 months' trial. All-round office ability, interest in current affairs. Varied, responsible, interesting work. 5-day week, good holidays. Write or 'phone for interview (TEM 5006).

ASSISTANT Manageress & Junior Girl Assistant for Collet's Chinese book and art shop in Charing Cross Road. T.U. rates and conditions. Free superannuation; three weeks' hol. after one year. Apply in writing: Collet's Holdings, 44 Museum St, WC1.

EDITOR of monthly architectural magazine wants secretary; shorthand and typing necessary but most important intelligence, efficiency and a liking for hard work. Please send details experience, age, salary required to Box 7348.

SECRETARY to Director of Hungarian Students' Resettlement Department. Good sh.-typing essential. Graduate preferred. Sal. acc. exp., min. age 25. World University Service, 59 Gloucester Pl., W1. WEL. 3921.

2 City Directors looking for a secretary over 25 who is not just a shorthand-typist. It goes without saying that her secretarial qualifications must be beyond criticism. In addition she must also have intelligence, initiative and possess all the qualifications of a good organiser, hostess, nursemaid and general office cosseter. Will this dream girl please apply stating her experience and terms to: Box 7368.

SHORTHAND/Typist required for Collet's Head Office. Salary and conditions acc. T.U. Agreement (age 21/23 up to £8 17s 6d; over 23, £9 plus increments); 5-day week; free Superannuation Scheme and 3 weeks' holiday after one year. Apply in writing to 44/45, Museum Street, WC1.

PERSONAL Secretary for a Liberal Jewish Minister. Competent and experienced. Interesting work in congenial atmosphere. 5-day week. Apply General Secretary, 28 St John's Wood Road, NW8. (CUN. 5181.)

SECRETARY/shorthand-typist, with some reception, for professional firm. Age 20-25. Salary £9 10s./£10 plus 18s. 6d. Portman Bureau, 78 George St, W1. HUN. 0676.

A COURT Agency Post awaits you! All Secretarial staff, personal attention. No fees. Call or 'phone immed. introds. 37a Kensington High St. WES. 6373.

ANGLO-Germ. sh/typ. sec. wtd by solicitors with intern. practice. Box 7456.

AT Conduit St. Bureau (GRO. 7080), 4 Conduit Street, Oxford Circus. Daily 9-7. Sats 9-1. Every Male/Female office post available. No fees to Staff.

SHORTHAND-Typist, experienced, aged 22-26. Required for office to be located in Wandsworth Road, SW8. 5-day 35-hour week; good wages and conditions. Apply in writing, stating age, to The Association of Engineering and Shipbuilding Draughtsmen, Onslow Hall, Little Green, Richmond.

REQUIRED urgently, Cook-Housekeeper. Husband University lecturer, wife full-time teacher said to be scatty but easy to get on with. Girl 12, boy 8, girl 2½. Two rooms and kitchen available for own use. £5 a week. Box 7381.

PROFESSIONAL man and two-month-old baby require nannie-housekeeper. Must be willing to go overseas after first year in England. £4 p.w. in England. Box 7447.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SECRETARY/Shorthand-Typist required for Physics Department at University College, London (Gower St, WC1). Unmarried woman, age 25-35; good speeds and previous secretarial experience in Scientific department essential. Salary £525-£645. Five-day week and six weeks annual leave. Applications to Assistant Secretary.

RESPONSIBLE lady wanted WC2 with legal exper. divorce/accounts/general. No Sats. Write experience & sal. Box 7448.

GERMAN sh./typist for lawyer's office, Barnet. Short wkg. hrs. Box 7252.

TRY the Coffee Bar Employment Bureau, 4 Macclesfield Street, Shaftesbury Avenue, W1. 'Phone GERrard 2848.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

QUALIFIED reader/typographer seeks work in printing, publishing, or advertising studio. Box 7354.

NO longer young lady with University degree, languages, shorthand and typing requires worthwhile interesting work. Part-time considered. Box 7051.

INTELLIGENT young man seeks employment for 9 months, anywhere. Box 7477.

LADY journalist Univ. educ., 25, exp. sub-editing, feature writing, fast sh./typing, wishes undertake responsible work. Salary immaterial. Impeccable refs. Box 7287.

YOUNG provincial male, 20, seeks abre-active job, London. Box 7237.

WINNER of Cambridge Scholarship sks. occupation until Oct. 1958. Box 7335.

SWISS girl, bored with suburban life, seeks travel opportunity. Knows Eng., Fr., Gr., It., with foreign Embassy experience as translator. Excellent references. Box 7365.

STELLA Fisher Bureau invites inquiries from employers requiring administrative or secretarial staff of either sex. 436 Strand, WC2. TEM. 6644.

MABEL Eyles & Partners (Dupl'g., Translating, Reporting). Verbatim Shthnd. Writers: Round the Clock Dupl'g. 395 Hornsey Rd., N19. ARC. 1765/MOU. 1701.

FELLOWSHIPS AND STUDENTSHIPS

TAVISTOCK Institute of Human Relations. Applications are invited (not later than 21 March, 1958) for fellowships for a 3-year course of training in Child Psychotherapy in association with the Department for Children and Parents of the Tavistock Clinic, beginning October next. Honours degree in Psychology or allied degree, and experience with children, essential. For further particulars and application form, apply to The Training Secretary, Child Psychotherapy Course, 2 Beaumont Street, London, W1.

THE University of Manchester. Research Studentships and Research Grants in Economic and Social Studies. Applications are invited for the above studentships and grants, tenable for one year in the first instance, and renewable for a further period not exceeding two years. The studentships are normally of the value of £350 or £400 per annum. They are offered to candidates who have obtained the degree of Bachelor or Master in this or any other approved University. Applications should be sent not later than 15 February 1958 to the Registrar, the University, Manchester 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

PERSONAL

14 Whole Days in Spain with strictly private coach party touring Castile next Easter. Only £40. Box 7176.

GERMAN-English conversation exchange desired by English lecturer. Box 7274.

PRIVATE French/German grammar/conversation lessons wanted daytime, weekdays from teacher qualified both languages. Ring PAR. 5865 Monday onwards.

MATHS. tutor required, BSc (Gen.) standard, one evg. per week, within reasonable reach Crystal Palace. Box 7432.

TUTOR in maths. required for coaching to G.C.E. standard. Please ring PAD. 2873.

ITALIAN lessons given by Italian student. GERrard 2772 from 2-5 p.m.

TO let monthly, lovely small studio, Central London. Suitable dancing or keep-fit class. Box 7359.

YOUNG man, educated, travelled, Literature/His., seeks post publishing/travel/newspaper. Prepared any amount work, return opportunity advancement. Box 7095.

THE English Mink Farm with three out of four 1955/56 National Supreme Champions offers Pedigree Livestock from £50 per trio. Objective advice and complete training free. Crookham Common, Newbury, Berks. Thatcham 3141.

COMMONWEALTH Club. Volunteers invited for tough job. Box 7242.

JOURNALIST writes speeches, reports, articles, etc. Write Box 6993.

11+ examination. Write for free 20-page Guide and Test stating age of child to Registrar (Dept. W.27), Mercer's Correspondence College, 69 Wimpole St, London, W1.

TYPEWRITERS Modern Portable machines for hire from £1 monthly. Tel. Robert Ropkins, WEL. 6655 for details.

PERSONAL—continued

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept. C.20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd., Regent House, Regent St W1. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We also offer an interesting booklet giving dets & fees for our Courses & Criticisms, & success letters from students.

GROUP Psychology and Living Research: send card for prospectus of special period Jan.-Mar. at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon.

CHURCH Catholic—What is it? Set of twelve booklets by authoritative writers. 5s per set. These will meet your need. Write, Secretary, Catholic Course, 19 Marylebone Road, London, NW1.

SOCIETY.—Can it be improved? Contribute your ideas to group meetings and conferences of the Progressive League. Write Secretary (E), 20 Buckingham St, WC2.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St, WC1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and Reservists.

FOREIGN Language an asset. 'Au Pair' posts for girls—p.g. accom. exchanges avail. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd, SW7.

HOW to Write and Sell. Send today for Free Folder 'What's in It for You'. The Writer, 124 New Bond Street, London, W1

FOREIGN girls seek domestic posts, pref 'au pair'. Anglo-Continental Bureau, 148 Walton St., SW3. KEN. 1586.

EARN Money Songwriting! Interesting free book tells how. Send 2d. stamp to Linton School of Songwriting (Desk N), 20 Denmark Street, London, WC2.

FAMILY Planning without contraceptives. Confidential brochure giving detailed explanation of medically approved method used by millions of couples) throughout the world now avail. 1s. post free. Gynometer Advisory Centre (CU), 16 Ingestre Place, W1.

WRITE for Profit. Send today for interesting free booklet.—The Regent Institute (Dept. E/191), Palace Gate, London, W8.

FOREIGN girls, domesticated and willing long/short periods available. Eductour 10 Exhibition Rd, SW7. KNI. 4132.

HUMANISM—a modern outlook. Write Ethical Union, Box 6574.

PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, S. Kensington SW7 KENsington 8042.

ALEXANDER Technique. Eric de Peyer, 7 Wellington Sq., SW3. SLO. 3141.

MASSAGE for fitness, health by nurse-physiotherapist. App. HAM. 2514.

DUREX gloves & all rubber surgical appliances sent under plain cover. Write or call for our free price list now. Fiertag, Dept N.N., 34 Wardour St, London, W1.

READERS' MARKET

WANTED: 'Brighter Spanish', Baeza; Modern Hebrew Linguaphone; Language Records, German/French.

Send no money or goods in reply, but write first to N.S. Readers' Market (separate letter for each item). The charge to advertisers is 4s. first, 1s. each additional word and covers the cost of forwarding replies.

★

Anti-Violence

KILLS

Death-Universal

which are you?

●

Nathan Cooper

organizing

Servants of Defiance

★

OPERA AND BALLET

THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE
COVENT GARDEN
(Tel. Covent Garden 1066)

COVENT GARDEN OPERA
13 Jan. at 7.30
Last perf. of A MASKED BALL
14 Jan. at 7.30
Last perf. of TOSCA (in Italian)
16, 18, 21 and 24 Jan. at 7.30
THE CARMELITES
22 Jan. at 7
THE MARRIAGE OF FIGARO
23 Jan. at 7.30
CARMEN
25 Jan. at 7
AIDA (in Italian)

THE ROYAL BALLET
(formerly Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet)
Last two perfs:
15 Jan. at 7.30
A BLUE ROSE, THE BURROW,
PINEAPPLE POLL
17 Jan. at 7.30
LES SYLPHIDES, THE ANGELS,
THE BURROW, A BLUE ROSE

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE
Tel. TERminus 1672

Evgs. at 7 (No perfs 13 & 20 Jan)

14, 25 Jan. Hansel & Gretel
15, 18, 23 Jan. Rigoletto
16, 22 Jan. La Boheme
17, 21 Jan. The Marriage of Figaro
24 Jan. Il Trovatore.

THEATRES

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Mats only. 'New Clothes for The Emperor'. Evenings Tu./Sn. 'A Stranger in the Tea.' Mems.

IRVING, WHI. 8657. Non-Stop Glamour Revue, 4th edn. Fr. 2.30, Sun. fr. 4. Mems.

ROYAL Court. Slo. 1745. 7.30. S. 5, 8.15. W. 2.30. Joan Greenwood, 'Lysistrata'.

TH. Royal, E15. MAR. 5973. 7.0. S. 5.8. 'Man, Beast and Virtue.' Wickedly Funny.

TOWER. 7.30, 10, 11, 18 Jan. (mats. 11, 18), 'The Rose and the Ring', Thackeray's fireside pantomime. CAN. 5111 (CAN. 3475 before 6), Canonbury, N1.

UNITY. Eus. 5391. 'Robin Hood'. Fri., Sat., Sun. at 7.45. Licensed bar. Mems.

CONCERTS

BACH-Handel programme. Boyd Neel Orchestra (Philomusica of London), director Thurston Dart, Wed. 15 January at 5.45, Royal Festival Hall. Tickets 4s. WAT. 3191.

ENTERTAINMENTS

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. International Film Season. Until 12 Jan: 'Munna' (U) (Indian). From 13 Jan.: The Letter With the Feathers' (U) (China).

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank. Wat. 3232. Sat. 11 Jan. Keisuke Kinoshita's 'She was Like a Daisy'. 3.00, 6.00, 8.30. Members and Associates only.

ROXY. BAY. 2345. W/c. 12 Jan. José Ferrer, Merle Oberon, Deep in My Heart, Colour, U; Man on Trial, U.

ROYAL Festival Hall. Sat. 18 Jan. 2.30 'Highland Birds', Col. Film, commentary: James Fisher, 2s. 6d.-10s. WAT. 3191.

LONDON Playreading Society presents a new play by a new British author, 'The Middle Age', by Thomas Vaughan, Royal Hotel, Woburn Place, WC1. Sun 12 Jan, 7 p.m. Adm. 1s. 6d.

DINNER/Dance at Prince Albert, Golders Green, org. by Hendon South C.L.P. 7 p.m. 18 Jan. Spkr.: E. Shinwell. Tkts 15s 6d.: B. A. Le Mare, 14 North Sq., NW11.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Dancing to Norman Jackson and his Noveltones. Today, 11 January, 8-11 p.m. Members 3s. and their guests 5s.

EXHIBITIONS

AIA Gallery, 15 Lisle St., Leicester Sq. Exhibition of 'Pictures for Hire'.

IMPERIAL Institute, SW7. Paintings by Ali Imam. 8-26 Jan. Admn. free. Mon.-Fri. 10-4.30, Sat. 10-5, Sun 2.30-6.

THE Coffee House, 3 Northumberland Avenue and 77 Kingsway. The New Vision Group, 29 December-26 January.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Ivan Cubi (Sculpture & Paintings) and Van Haardt (Paintings). 10-7 daily including Saturdays.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W1. Contemporary British paintings. Daily 10-5.30. Sats 10-1.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W1. Reputations in the making; six young British Artists.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. Exhibitions: William Harvey, Tercentenary Exhibition; Electricity in the Service of Medicine; and other exhibitions. Mon.-Friday 10-5. Adm. free.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

GANYMED Reproductions of paintings from public and private collections are obtainable at all good printshops. Illus. catalogue 1s. 6d. from 11 Gt. Turnstile, WC1.

ZWEMMER'S, 26 Litchfield St, WC2 Paintings and Gouaches: John O'Connor. From 15 January.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Five Painters. Daily 10-6, Sat. 10-1. Adm. 6d. Members free.

GALLERY One, W1. GER. 3529. Denny (Mosaics), Carey (Stained Glass).

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq. New Year Exhibition—an annual event. 10-5. Sats. 10-1.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W1. 'Voyages Marine'. Twelve hundred pictures of Ships and the Sea. 10-6. Sat. 10-1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. A. Zobov on Education in the USSR. Wed., 15 Jan., 7.30 p.m. 57 Dean St., W1.

'RACE Relations in Africa': 6 fortnightly Univ. Extension Lectures start 7 p.m. Mon. 13 Jan. Fee 10s. Theosophical Order of Service, 50 Gloucester Place, W1.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Jazz Forum. Speakers: Steve Race, Dill Jones, Jeff Aldam, Raymond Horricks. Chairman: Vic Bellerby. Monday, 13 January, 8.15 p.m. Admission 2s. 6d., Members 1s. 6d.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. New Medium—New Writers. A discussion on writing for television. Speakers: Ian Dallas, John Kenny, Nigel Kneale, Michael Elliott. Chairman: Tom Maschler. Tuesday 14 January, 8.15 p.m. Admission 3s., Members 1s. 6d.

CHINA: Points of view and replies to questions by Lord Chorley, E. H. Garner-Evans, M.P., G. C. T. Giles, Margaret Lane, Prof. J. A. Lauwerys, Mahatma Gandhi Hall, 41 Fitzroy Square, W1. Wednesday 22 Jan. 7.30 p.m. Admission 1s. Address your questions and ticket applications to Britain-China Friendship Assoc., 228 Grays Inn Rd WC1

B'-Y.S. Talk by S. Pechak: 'The Church in Yugoslavia', 7 p.m. 13 Jan. F.I.C., 32 Tavistock Sq., WC1. Phone BEC. 7021.

PERSONALIST Group. Hans Jaeger on 'The Sputnik and the Deadlock between East and West', 20 Buckingham St, WC2, Wed. 15 Jan., 7.30 p.m.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, SW1. 18 January at 6 pm. Dr V. E. Fry: Ernstes und Heiteres aus deutscher Poesie.

INDIAN Institute of World Culture, Fri. 17 Jan., 5.30 p.m. Mr. Baldoon Dhingra, 'Oriental and Occidental Cultural values' (under joint auspices of Royal India, Pakistan and Ceylon Society). Robert Crosbie House, 62 Queen's Gdns, Paddington, W2. All welcome.

HAMPSTEAD Humanist Society. Nina Spiller: A Visit to China. 12 Jan. 7.15 p.m. Barclay House, 783 Finchley Rd (Nr Child's Hill).

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Square, SW1. Public Lecture, Wed. 15 Jan., 6.30 sharp: Op.:ons.' M. O'C. Walshe. If interested in Buddhism why not come to the Saturday Group, 18 Jan., 3 pm? Readings, discussion and tea, all welcome. Our Beginners' Class (4 lectures, alternate Tues.) starts again 21 Jan., 6.30, open to all (guest teacher Ven. Amritananda of Nepal). Read 'The Middle Way.' 2s. 10d. quarterly post free. Inf. TAT. 1313.

LECTURES on H. P. Blavatsky's Writings, 8 p.m. Sun. 12 Jan. 'The Secret Doctrine'. ULT, Robert Crosbie House, 62 Queens Gardens, W2.

PACIFIST Universalist Service, 3.30 Sunday, 12 Jan., 32 Tavistock Sq., Euston. Sybil Morrison, 'I Ha'e Ma Doots'.

SWAMI Ghanananda, 68 Dukes Ave, Muswell Hill, N10. Sun. 12 Jan. 5 p.m. 'Swami Vivekananda's Work in the West'.

DRUID Order, Caxton Hall, Thurs., Jan. 16, 7.15 p.m. Public Meeting. Dr R. MacGregor-Reid on 'The Druid Keystone'.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, W8, Sun., 12 Jan., 6.30. Music & Readings. 7 p.m., H. J. Blackham: 'Party Government.'

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, WC1. Sunday 12 January, 11 a.m. Dr Maurice Burton, 'The Rights of Animals and the Rights of Man'. Adm. free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gardens, W11. (PARk 7695.) Fri. 10 Jan. at 8 p.m., Baron A. Meyendorff, 'Our Times'. Fri. 17 Jan., 8 p.m., David Floyd, 'Anglo-Russian Misunderstandings'.

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and Demonstrations London H.Q., 33 Belgrave Square SW1. BEL. 3351.

CONWAY Discussions. S. Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, WC1. Tuesday 14 January, 7.15 p.m. I. O. Evans, FRGS. 'Science Fiction—New Art Form in Literature?' Adm. free.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

UNIVERSITY College London. Free Public Lectures, Spring Term 1958. Mon. and Thurs. 20, 23, 27, 30 Jan., 3, 6, 10, 13 Feb. at 5.00. The Commonwealth Fund Lectures by Professor Norman A. Graebner, The Revolution in American Politics, 1837-77. Wed. 22 Jan. at 5.30, Professor Daniel Jones, Phonemes: what they are and what they do. Thurs. 6, 13, 20, 27 Feb. at 5.30, The Newmarch Lectures in Economic Statistics, by Mr Colin Clark, World Population. Tues. and Wed., 11, 12 Feb. at 5.30, Professor N. H. Tur-Sinai, (1) The Revival of the Hebrew Language in Israel; (2) Riddles in the Bible. Tues., 11, 18, 25 Feb., 4 Mar., at 5.30, The Northcliffe Lectures in Literature by Professor Jean Seznec, The Emergence of Renan (1823-1848). Thurs. 20 Feb. at 5.30, Professor S. R. T. O. d'Ardenne, The Green Count and 'Sir Gawain and the Green Knight'. Thurs. 6 Mar. at 5.30, The Seton Memorial Lectures by Dr Beryl Smalley, Franciscan Scholarship at Oxford in the Early Fourteenth Century. Complete list of public lectures from Publications Officer, University College London, Gower St, WC1. (Stamped envelope required.)

UNIVERSITE de Paris: Semaines d'Etudes Françaises, Edinburgh, April 8-13, Oxford, April 15-20. Organised by the Sorbonne Cours de Civilisation Française (and Institut Français d'Ecosse), they includes advanced Tutorials, Phonetics and Translation into French, Three Standards: VIth Form, Undergraduates, Post-Graduates and Teachers, separate groups. Lectures by distinguished speakers. Also French Cultural Evenings. Fees: Registration £1, Tuition £3, Residence (optional) £6 15s, UK Secretary: 45 Sunningdale Rd, Hessle, Yorks. Also Courses in Paris, all Standards: Oct.-June and summer.

GOLDSMITHS' College, SE14 (TID. 2266). Beginning Wednesday, 15 January, at 7 p.m., 10 lectures on 'Russia before and since the Bolshevik Revolution', by J. Keep, A. Nove, and R. Hare. Fee 8s.

THE City Lit. is not running a skiffle club. Soho singing (last week) meant solo singing. CHA. 8558.

ITALIAN lessons: P. Sequenza, 14, Sevington St, W9. CUN. 4645.

TUITION by post for Lond. Univ. Degrees & Diplomas; also for G.C.E., Law, Professional exams. Mod. fees, instalments. Prosp. from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept VH91, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est 1894).

ENGLISH Lessons for foreigners; experienced teacher (Eng. lady); also German. Mod. terms. MOUntview 1668, pref. morn.

TAUGHT in 3 months, English, German, French & Spanish spoken. Phonetic rapid method. Mrs. Willoughby. LAN. 5684.

PIANO Lessons. Peggy Gray, pupil of Kendall Taylor & Harold Craxton gives lessons, any age. Hampstead studio. SPE 1938.

ST. JAMES School of Secretaries & Languages, 283 Oxford St, W1. HYDe Park 6524. Intensive 3-6-9 month Secretarial Training. Earn While You Learn scheme. Also English for Foreign Students and Conversation Courses in French, German, Italian & Spanish. Indiv. attent. Remarkable results.

DARTINGTON Music School, Director of Music, Richard Hall, provides a full-time general musical education for performers & teachers, with individual tuition in voice & instruments. In being residential the School offers exceptional facilities for chamber music, ensemble playing & choral singing. Scholarships are awarded. Prospectus from the Secretary, The Arts Centre, Dartington Hall, Totnes, S. Devon.

LEARN Touch-typing in 1-2 months. Private lessons. Peggy Sutton. FLA. 7967.

TOUCH-typing &/or Pitman's Shorthand. Private Tuition. BAYswater 1786.

LECTURE COURSES, ETC.—continued

FRENCH. Full-time day Courses for G.C.E. London and Oxford. Evening Conversation Courses for beginners and Discussion Groups for advanced students. The Mentor, 11 Charing Cross Rd., London, WC2. Tra. 2044.

ITALIAN, French, German. Rome, Sorbonne, Heidelberg. Coach to Univ. Ent. Visit schls. Spec. syllabus for holidays. Mrs Chanda, 4c Holford Rd., NW3. HAM. 7322.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages & School of English for Foreign Nationals. Students' Club, 26-32 Oxford Street. LANgham 1005. All foreign languages in day & evng classes or private lessons beginners & all grades. Daily classes in English and prep. for Cambridge Univ. Certificates. Short or long courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

GOING Abroad this Year? The Pelman Languages Institute teaches French, German, Spanish, Italian without the use of English; the method is explained in four little books, one for each language; write for book and specimen lesson, sent gratis, post free. Pelman Languages Institute, 67 Norfolk Mansions, Wigmore St, London, W1. WEL. 1411.

GREGG and Pitman Intensive Secretarial Courses. English for Foreigners. Day and Evening Classes. Frances King Secretarial School, 1a Harrington Rd, SW7. KEN. 4771.

THE Modern Method for Verbatim Reporting and High-Grade Secretarial Work is Stenotyping (Machine 'shorthand'). Quick and easy to learn. Used increasingly by business concerns and official bodies at home and abroad. Suitable for foreign languages. Call for demonstration or write for day or evening prospectus. Palantype College, 229 High Holborn, WC1. HOL. 5104.

SECRETARIAL Training, especially for university graduates and older students, six-month and intensive 14-week courses. Write Organising Secretary, Davies's, 2 Addison Road, W14. PARk 8392.

36 St. Ives, Cornwall. Gallery, studio-workshops. Sculpture, metal, wood, ceramics. Pottery. Lithography, screen-printing. Bruce Taylor, Denis Mitchell, Monica Harman. Res. Accom. Prospectus on applic. to Sec.

P.T. (with music) and Beginners Ballet. Morn., afternoon & eve classes for ladies. Stella Mann School of Dancing, 8 Netherhall Gdns., London, NW3. HAM. 9317 after 4.30.

DANCE, Drama, Art for Children; Creative Movement adults. Lilian Harmel Studio, 37 Ferncroft Ave, NW3. HAM. 0213.

SUMMER SCHOOLS

NEWLYN Holiday Sketching Group. 5 May to 12 Sept. 1958. Daily expeditions with tuition. Large studio. Beginners welcomed. Book for week, fortnight or longer. Prospectus from Director, Gernick Field Studio, Newlyn, Penzance, Cornwall.

WHERE TO STAY

CONVALESCENCE. Rest. Winter Holiday? Warmth and cmfrt at this small, friendly Hotel recomm. by readers. Twin-bedded 5/7 gns; singles 5½/7½ gns; incl. full brd, early tea, htd bedrm (cent. htg everywhere). Annexe 5 gns. No gratuities. Fresh fruit dly. Vegtn if desired. Bkfst in bed (nominal chge). Facing Sth, opp. covrd Promn., nr warm Sun-Lounge. Illus. brochure. Normanhurst Private Hotel, Sea-front, St. Leonards-on-Sea, Sussex. Hastings 4784.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 53 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms and brochure, Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sx. Robertsbridge 126.

FARM Holidays—1958 Guide describes Britain's best holiday farmhouses, 900 farms, illustrated. 3s. 10d. post paid. Dept O, Farm Guide, 18 High St, Paisley.

CÔTE d'Azur. Typical Provençal hotel. Beautiful, quiet site above sandy beach. Modern comforts, 1st-class cuisine. Casino, dancing. Reduced rates up to end of June. Illus brochure: Ermitage, Bandol (Var.).

LITTLE Guide to Village Inns, Farms, Hotels on & off the beaten track round Britain's coast & country. 5s., pge. 4d. from Victor Hilton (N.S.), Harbourside, Torquay.

SCHOLARSHIPS

BADMINTON School, Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol. Two Open Scholarships, one of £100 p.a. and one of £60 p.a. will be offered on the results of the next Entrance Examination. This will be held in February, 1958, for girls aged between 12 and 14 the following Sept. Full partics. from the Headmistress.

CHANNING School Foundation Scholarship Examination, 1958, for both boarders and day girls, will be held on 25-27 February next. The scholarships are open to girls born between 1 September 1944, and 31 August 1947. Full particulars from the Secretary, Channing School, Highgate, London.

SEVENOAKS School. Scholarship Regulations. Two or more Major Scholarships value up to full fees (£111 p.a. day boy; £261 boarder). Minor Scholarships and Exhibitions. Junior Group age: 10.2 to 11 and a half. (Maths and English). Senior Group, age 11 and a half to 13.8. Exam. end of February. Further particulars from Headmaster.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

6s. per line (average six words). Box number 2s. 6d. Telephone HOLborn 8471.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION RATES

50s. by surface mail to any address in the world. (25s. for six months.)
By air mail to Europe 90s.; Middle East 98s.; N. & S. America, India & Pakistan 118s.; Australia, New Zealand, Japan 140s.
By air express to W. Africa 90s.; E. Africa 95s.; S. Africa, India 98s.; Singapore & Malaya 105s.; Australia 130s.

NEW STATESMAN Great Turnstile London WC1

Incorporating *The Nation* and *The Athenaeum*. Registered at the GPO as a newspaper. Application for second-class matter pending at the Post Office, New York. Printed in Great Britain for the Proprietors by Cornwall Press Ltd, Paris Garden, Stamford Street, London, SE 1. Published weekly at Great Turnstile, London, WC 1. Postage on this issue: inland 2½d, foreign 2½d, Canada 1d